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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Up we spring, and rush to the edge of the piazza."

CHAPTER VI.

"A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.'"

"ERIC," cries Aunt Markham, with strong symptoms of hysterics, "come here this instant and tell me if we are all to be drowned!"

Eric is undutiful enough to disregard this appeal. He walks instead up to the man who has warned us, and who, with supreme indifference to the rain, is sitting on his horse watching our proceedings with great interest.

"If you are sure there is no possibility of our crossing Laurel," he says, "can you tell me any house within a moderate distance where we can spend the night?"

"Eric!" cries Aunt Markham again.

The prospect of spending the night in any one of the houses which are found commonly through the country is nearly as appalling as the idea of being drowned.

But Eric knows what is best for us, and goes on inflexibly:

"I must find some shelter for these ladies," he says. "Where is the nearest house?"

"About a mile back," the other answers. "You can get accommodation there, I expect. It's the house of a friend of mine. There's no other that I know of nearer than five or six miles."

"John, turn the carriage as soon as you put in the horses," says our commanding officer.—"Charley, ride forward and see that Harrison does the same with the wagon."

So it is settled. John turns the carriage—a dangerous matter this on the narrow road—then we crowd in and shield ourselves as well as we can from the driving rain that comes in our faces in sheets of spray. So we start back. But our progress is slow. Streams that were rivulets an hour before are leaping torrents now, with currents so strong and swift that it is as much as our horses can do to pull us through. Once the danger seems so imminent that we may be swept into the river that Aunt Markham utters a scream.

Sylvia only clasps my hand tightly, and, when we reach the bank in safety, she says, "What must Laurel be!"

All our fancy for adventurous camping-out is dissipated by the blinding, soaking rain. We feel that any shelter will be welcome, no matter how rough it may be. And the shelter to which we presently come is very rough. Yet the house has plainly seen better days. It is a two-story frame-building—once, no doubt, a well-kept farm-house—situated a little back from the road. Two or three men



LAUREL RUN.

are seated in the piazza. One comes forward, and, when Eric says, "Can you take us in for the night?" answers, with a doubtful glance at our number, "Well, I reckon so."

We do not wait for the slow assent to spring out and take refuge in the piazza. Then we utter a long sigh of relief. After all, it is pleasant to have a roof over one's head! Our host leads us into a large, barn-like room, with several smaller ones opening from it. "I'll kindle some fire in a minute for you to dry yourselves," he says.

We certainly stand in need of drying. Mermaids could scarcely be more wet. Wherever we stand or sit, a pool of water soon settles. We take off our water-proofs and shawls, and stretch them on chairs, laughing the while at our plight. Aunt Markham plainly thinks this mirth very ill-timed. She looks round with a shudder as she sits, majestic and dripping, in the middle of the room—but she says nothing. Words are too weak to express her feelings.

Presently a fire is roaring up the great chimney, and, by the time the gentlemen come to inquire how we have fared, we are restored to our normal condition of dryness and warmth. Nevertheless, flasks are produced, and potations insisted upon. "It is the only way to keep from taking cold," says Eric, imperatively.

"Your wishes are gratified, Miss Sylvia," says Ralph Lanier, with rather an air of reproach. "You were desiring adventures—here they are."

"Do you consider me the Jonah who has brought all this ill-luck?" she asks, laughing. "In that case I ought to be thrown overboard—ought I not? The river is convenient for any thing of that kind."

The violence of the rain abates before very long, and we go out on the piazza to look around. The prospect is cheerless in the extreme. The house has a dispirited air of decay, and rose-trees have grown to a tangled thicket in front. At the end of the piazza two young men are talking to our host. Charley says that they are from South Carolina, and are on a walking-tour through the mountains.

"They came from the Springs to-day," he adds, "and crossed Laurel in a canoe. We met them, if you remember, just before our break-down."

As the rain abates, our spirits sink. Let it abate ever so much, we have still the certainty of an aimless afternoon and comfortless night before us. No hope of crossing Laurel before the next day, no possible chance of returning to Alexander's. Suddenly, however, a cry is raised that somewhat cheers us: "The stage is coming!"

"By Jove!" says Mr. Lanier, "I felt sure that fellow was deceiving us about Laurel."

"That fellow" has also arrived by this time, and, in a very damp condition, is seated near. It is a chance whether or not he hears this grateful speech. Fortunately, the attention of every one is fastened on the stage, which comes into sight—empty! We salute the driver with a cry.

"Are you going over Laurel?"

Driver. "Mean to try." Then he nods

to the man who warned us: "How are you, George?"

George shakes his head.

"You can't cross," he says.

"I'll take the mail to the banks any way," responds the other, driving on.

"If you find that you can cross, please come back for us," cries Sylvia, eagerly.

"He's not likely to cross," say the men at the other end of the piazza.

Lanier shrugs his shoulders impatiently.

"There's no relying on a word these people say," he remarks. "But the bridge should have been rebuilt long ago. It is infamous for travelers to be delayed in this manner. What a place this is for ladies to spend the night!"

"Don't trouble yourself about us," replies Sylvia, nonchalantly. "We do not mind a little hardship; but I am afraid you have made a grave mistake. Had you not better turn round even yet and go to the White Sulphur and Saratoga?"

The young man colors.

"I was not thinking of myself," he says.

"Of course it does not matter to me—at least not very much."

"Has anybody brought a pack of cards along?" asks Charley, sauntering up. "Let us have a game of euchre."

In the midst of this, and just as Sylvia is playing an exciting "lone hand," there is another cry: "Here comes a man who has crossed Laurel!"

Up we spring, and rush to the edge of the piazza. A man driving two horses in a jersey wagon is stopped by a storm of tumultuous questions.

"Yes, I'm from the other side of Laurel," he replies.

"Forded the river?" asks the incredulous chorus.

"No—ferried it in a canoe. I've been water-bound on the other side three days, and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I took my wagon-body off the wheels, slipped it on the canoe, and swam the horses over."

"Eureka!" cries Eric, striking one hand on the other; "that is an idea for us! What has been done can be done again. If Laurel is still up to-morrow, I'll take the carriages over in that way."

"You'll run a great risk if you do," says Mr. Lanier, who evidently does not know what reckless thing may be proposed or executed next.

"A fig for the risk!" says Charley. "I'd quite as soon cross that way as another."

"And I would rather cross that way!" cries Sylvia. "What fun it will be!"

Mr. Lanier looks grave. Crossing swollen streams in a canoe is not his idea of fun.

"Let us hope the stream may be down by to-morrow," he says.

We return to our game of euchre, but I cannot forget the width and general appearance of the wagon which was said to have been brought over on a canoe.

"Eric," I say, "these people must be talking about a boat—a constructed boat. They can't possibly mean a dug-out."

"Our friend here will tell us," says Eric.

Then he turns to our first acquaintance—

the man who lives five miles from the mouth of Laurel.

"Is that craft of which you are all talking a dug-out?" he asks.

"Yes, it's a dug-out—hollowed from the trunk of a tree," is the reply.

"The tree must surely have grown in California," says Sylvia.

"No, madam," is the answer. "I can find plenty of chestnuts ten feet in diameter on the Walnut Mountains just below here, and I'm almost sure I could find walnuts of the same size."

"There was a dug-out on the river here," says our host, chiming in, "that I saw one day hold five men and a mule—and could a' held more."

"There is no doubt of one thing," says Eric—"this is one of the most splendidly-timbered countries on the face of the globe."

"You don't know what it is until you go out on the mountains," says Mr. George. "There's hardly a known tree that doesn't grow here—and grow to the finest size. You'd not believe me if I were to tell you of what height and diameter I have seen the white pine."

"Yes, we would," says Charley. "We are prepared to be enlightened, and ready to believe any thing."

A few more tree-stories are told, and then we ask the cause of the fishing mania which has seized all the population of the French Broad.

"Those were not more than the pickets and outposts that you saw," says our informant. "The main body of the fishing army is below here. I passed at least twenty in four miles to-day. Some of the fellows sat up fishing all night, and I know three men who only caught two fish among 'em—and those were cats."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, well, it's too wet to do any thing else, and they think the fish will bite better because the river's muddy."

By the aid of conversation and cards the afternoon and evening drag through. One shower succeeds another in the most rapid and disheartening succession, so that it is impossible to leave the house even for a short walk, and no one is sanguine enough to speak of "clearing off."

"We might as well go back to Asheville," says Aunt Markham, who regards our prospects in the darkest manner.

"Not without an effort to do otherwise," says Eric. "I don't choose to be baffled by Fate and the Laurel."

The day has been fatiguing, and we all retire early. Of the lodging and fare which we find at this wayside house it is best to say no more than that the people gave us their best, and seemed honestly anxious to do all in their power to please us.

About nine o'clock the stage passes back and reports Laurel still rising. We are, therefore, cheered when, on waking the next morning, we hear the rain coming down "in bucketfuls," as Sylvia despondently remarks.

"We shall have to stay here all day," she says. "I feel sure of it. We cannot even go back to Alexander's, for the creeks are up between here and there. Oh, dear!

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Were ever people out for a pleasure-trip more badly treated by the weather?"

When we leave our room, Charley is the first person to meet us, with the pleasant sunshine of his face undimmed by the gloomy outlook. Surely an equable temperament is one of the greatest blessings in the world—especially in a traveling-companion.

"Not for gold or precious stones would I leave my mountain home,"

he sings, gayly. "I hope you are in better spirits than Lanier is this morning, Sylvia. If matters go on at the present rate, I am afraid he will commit suicide or go melancholy mad. It is a pity to see a man have so little philosophy. Can't you cheer him a little?"

"I haven't the least disposition to try," says Sylvia. "Do any of us like the delay?—is it anybody's fault? I am disgusted with Mr. Lanier, and I wish he had gone to a watering-place where he might dance the German to his heart's content, instead of joining our party."

"Who is accountable for his joining it?" says Charley. But I do not think he is ill-pleased by the young lady's petulance.

We go out on the piazza. The sky is a leaden curtain, the rain is pouring in torrents, the road is black mud and water, the river is a turbid flood. There is a sheer wall of cliff and forest opposite, along the base of which the impetuous current sweeps.

"What are you going to do, Eric?" we ask, as that gentleman comes up.

"Nothing, at present," he answers. "What can a man do in the face of such a down-pour as this? By nine o'clock there will, probably, be some signs of clearing. Then I will go to Laurel and see what the chances are for our getting across."

By nine o'clock there are some signs of clearing. A few faint gleams of sunshine appear, and the mists begin to rise from the mountains. Horses are brought out, and the gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Lanier, start for the banks of Laurel, which is said to be all the more dangerous—to have all the more force in its current—because it is higher than the French Broad, into which it empties.

The morning passes in very dull fashion. Aunt Markham settles herself to a novel. Sylvia and I go out and stroll—wade, perhaps, would give a more correct idea of the road—along the river-bank, attended by Mr. Lanier. I soon grow tired of playing the part of "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say, and return to the house, leaving the others established in a cool, damp nook under some large trees that sweep the river with their bending boughs. An hour or two pass. No sign of the return of the horsemen; Aunt Markham grows uneasy, and suggests that they may have been drowned. Sylvia does not stir from her seat by the river; Mr. Lanier is talking earnestly—so earnestly that I feel a malicious inclination to go and break up the *tête-à-tête*. I have taken an unaccountable dislike to this young gentleman, despite his good looks and his well-filled purse. "Woe's me for Prince Charley," I think—and then I see Prince Charley coming at a canter along the road.

"Good news!" he says, as he draws up his horse. "Laurel is falling, and will be low enough by the afternoon for you to be ferried over in a canoe. Eric has made all the arrangements. I've seen the boat, and there is not the least danger."

"Are you sure of that?" asks Aunt Markham, tremulously. She is divided between her dislike to staying where she is and her terror of crossing in a canoe. "I never was in a dug-out," she says, "but I've seen them often. They rock horribly, and will upset at a touch."

"Not this one," says Charley. "Though a dug-out, it is two feet and a half wide."

The sun by this time is shining brilliantly, and with great heat. We take dinner; then the carriages are brought out, and the almost endless business of stowing away our luggage begins. Besides the trunks there are satchels and baskets, boxes of grasses, books of ferns, and an unlimited number of wraps. Aunt Markham declines to allow the last to be strapped together. "It is useless," she says. "We shall need them before we have gone a mile."

Despite this foreboding prophecy, the afternoon remains clear, and we see the wild beauty of the gorge for the first time to advantage. The air is like crystal, and a glory of sunlight streams on the river with its masses of rock, and the mountains that overshadow it. In the five miles that lie between our place of lodging and the banks of Laurel, the picturesque loveliness changes and deepens constantly. The river grows more and more tumultuous, and its waves wear caps of foam like the breakers of the ocean, as they plunge in stormy rapids over its hidden rocks. Rugged cliffs hang over us, fringed with ferns and mosses; verdure-clad mountains rise from the other bank; leaping cascades tumble down the rocky glens and dash across our way—there are pictures on every side that would repay the lover of Nature or the artist for any hardship or fatigue that could possibly be encountered in reaching this land of almost unknown beauty.

Presently we see a broad, green stream flowing in front of us, and the horses are drawn up on the banks of Laurel. Notwithstanding the late heavy rains, there is no tinge of mud in the clear water of this mountain-river, and we appreciate the strength of its current when we see that it sweeps directly across the French Broad before the latter river can change its course. Even then it takes half of the channel, and the clear and the turbid current flow onward side by side.

The bridge which was swept away crossed the stream near its mouth; but the ford is a little higher, and to this we drive. There is a cabin on the other side, from which, in answer to several halloas, the ferryman issues. The canoe in which we are to make the passage is moored on the other side, and at this Aunt Markham gazes doubtfully.

"John," she says to her coachman, whom she considers less likely to run dangerous risks than Eric, in whose vocabulary fear is a word unknown—"John, do you think that boat is safe? I suppose we can cross in it, but how about the carriages and the horses?"

Don't you think it might be better for you to remain on this side until the river goes down?"

This is a proposal which does not meet with John's approval. No one has a better appreciation of good lodging and good fare than the negro of the old régime. "There



"There ain't no danger at all."

ain't no danger at all of we takes the carriages off the wheels," he replies. "We can hold 'em steady on the boat, and the horses can swim easy enough."

"Oh, it will all be easy," says Eric, coming to the carriage-door. "There is no reason to be nervous, mother. I am sorry that it is necessary you should alight.—Every thing must be taken out of here, John—luggage, cushions, every thing."

"This is—dreadful!" says Aunt Markham, with a gasp, after she has been deposited on the road-side in the blazing heat of the sun, with satchels, novels, and baskets, strewed around in wild confusion.

"I call it jolly," says Rupert, who is prancing about on Cecil, and getting as much as possible in everybody's way.

"Don't ride that horse over me, Rupert," cries Aunt Markham, retreating in terror, and making convulsive efforts to scramble up the steep hill behind her.

"I must say that I consider this a very great risk," observed Mr. Lanier, climbing to where I have perched on the hill-side, under the shade of a large walnut. "I shall not be surprised if Markham loses one or both of his carriages, and gets some of the horses drowned. In my opinion the river is still too high and too swift to be crossed with safety in any way."

"Suppose you stay on this side, then?" I cannot resist saying. "Yonder comes the ferryman. He seems to have no difficulty about bringing the boat over."

"What a pleasant way of crossing!" says Sylvia's voice below. She is standing with Charley on the bank of the stream, while Eric, who lends a hand to every thing, is assisting Harrison to take off the trunks, and

John and Rupert are taking out the horses. "What shall go over first?—a cargo of trunks, or a cargo of people?" says she, turning round as the boat touches the shore.

"You and I will go," says Charley. "Let us be the first to make the passage."

"The whole party may as well go," says Eric. "The boat is large enough."

"We don't want the whole party," says Sylvia. "We mean to cross by ourselves, with a trunk or two for ballast.—Harrison, bring mine here.—If I go to the bottom, let me at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I take my wardrobe along with me."

Two or three trunks are placed in the boat, Sylvia and Charley embark, Mr. Lanier the while looking on anxiously, and uttering one or two unheeded remonstrances; then the ferryman, who has been leaning on his pole, listening to every thing, with a broad grin on his dusky face, pushes off. The boat rocks on the swift current, but he manages it

which Charley is opening with his knife. "We drink to the passage of the Laurel!" he says; "may our future adventures be as pleasant!"

One or two of the party object to this sentiment—but they drink the claret. The children of the ferryman come in detachments to stare at us and the proceedings on the other bank. A hungry-looking, soft-eyed hound draws near and is fed generously by Sylvia. We talk and laugh and watch the carriages being brought over in pieces—first the bodies, then the wheels—and applaud the gallant horses that come out dripping and shining from their bath. Even Mr. Lanier begins to admit that there is some pleasure in all this. Walnut Mountain rises superbly behind us; the clear waters of Laurel sweep swiftly in front; the wild, deep gorge down which the latter flows is in shadow; while the afternoon sunlight falls broadly on the rushing French Broad.



CROSSING THE LAUREL.

with great skill, and, when they are half-way across, Sylvia's gay tones—she has taken off her gloves, and is dabbling with both hands in the clear-tinted water—float back to us.

"O Charley, shall you ever forget the Laurel? Isn't this delicious!"

"What strange ideas of enjoyment some people have!" says Mr. Lanier, who is seated on the roots of a tree, fanning himself. "I don't think I shall ever forget the Laurel; but, as for seeing any thing delicious in such a business—"

The rest of the trunks, Aunt Markham and myself, accompanied by this gentleman, cross next. Eric and Rupert remain behind to superintend the sending over of the carriages. We are landed in safety, despite one or two alarms on Aunt Markham's part. "O—h!" she says, in prolonged gasp, every time that the boat gives a lurch—and dug-outs are by no means the steadiest crafts in the world. Mr. Lanier says nothing. He only sits on a trunk and looks grave. He is not afraid—as he has taken some trouble to explain—but he disapproves of running reckless risks, and he objects to getting his feet wet in a muddy canoe.

Sylvia and Charley welcome us gayly. There is a prettily-shaded spring, not more than five steps from the river, where they have seated themselves, and opened the lunch-basket—filled at Alexander's, and not omitted yet. There is a bottle of claret

he asks. "He knew as well as I did that he would have to swim, and he didn't fancy the idea."

The passage of the Laurel, with the attendant trouble of putting the carriages together again, and reharnessing the horses, occupies two hours. It was three o'clock when we paused on its farther bank; it is five when Eric at last says, "All ready," and we prepare to start for the Springs.

"Good-by, Wash," says Charley, addressing the ferryman, who, after eleven trips across the river, seems disposed to think that rest from labor is sweet. "May you live a thousand years, and may your shadow never grow less! You have our blessing, and, if you should ever be called upon to do a thing of this kind again, you'll understand the proper method."

"Yes, sah—thanky, sah," responds Wash, with a grin.

The drive to the Springs in the lovely afternoon is a marvel of delight. It is a peculiarity of this road that one is never able to determine with any degree of certainty what part of it is most beautiful. Yet, if it were necessary to decide, the palm might be awarded to that portion which lies beyond the waters of Laurel. There are, if possible, more variety, more wildness, more blended majesty and loveliness in these four miles than are to be found on any other part of the river. The Walnut Mountains—a range of

splendid heights, rising to a ridge that stands for miles, level as a prairie, against the sky—inclose the gorge, while the cliff-like rocks that line the road assume some of their most imposing and picturesque forms. It is here, also, that the famous islands of the French Broad—in which Cherokee traditions placed a siren who lured hunters to destruction by the sweetness of her voice—appear like spots of fairy verdure on the rushing current. Rocks, islets, drooping foliage, glancing water, golden sunshine streaming on all the grand vistas and curves of beauty—how can one write of these things in terms that shall not seem exaggerated to those who have never looked on them?

Presently we reach Deep Water—where the river, narrowed between two walls of shelving rock, is said to be ninety feet deep, and flows without a sound, almost without apparent motion. Released from this confinement, it whirls more madly than ever over a magnificent ledge of broken rock, and parts around Mountain Island. When it unites again, it is more quiet. We follow one more sweeping bend, and the lovely valley of the Warm Springs is before us.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANITA'S LESSONS.

As Miss Basil predicted, Miss Hawkesby and Anita did indeed work a change in Mrs. Basil's humdrum household, a greater change than Joanna, with her very limited experience of life, was capable of anticipating. The Ruffners became devoted to their attentions, and not only did Mrs. Carl Tomkins and old Mrs. Paul Caruthers, with her niece Amelia, call early to renew their acquaintance with the admirable Miss Hawkesby and the charming Anita, but they were followed by all Middleborough, for in that social place the warm weather seldom interferes with visiting; and old Thurston was soon in so constant requisition as driver of Mrs. Basil's sorry little carriage, that the grass ran away with the cabbage-beds.

Miss Basil, strange to say, did not seem to take this much to heart. A curious change was coming over this estimable woman; she was possessed at times by a sort of subdued elation, that, while it did not interfere with the mechanical performance of her ordinary duties, seemed to lift her above care, while again an irrepressible secret anxiety and unrest would render her indifferent to all her old interests.

But Joanna, absorbed by the new life passing around her, failed to note this change in Miss Basil; she forgot even to be pained and jealous when she surprised her once tearfully studying some old letters. The sight could inspire, now, but a momentary

* EXTENDED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

curiosity; for was not Anita dressing for company?

And not for any price would Joanna forego the pleasure of assisting at her toilet. Anita, on these occasions, taught her so many useful little arts, gave her so much good advice, and, when the delightful labors of the toilet were over, the blond and gracious beauty was so glorious to look upon! Nor was this all: Anita, the moment she was satisfied with herself, no matter how time pressed, no matter whom she kept waiting, immediately gave all her attention to improving Joanna's appearance. True, she didn't spare criticism; she mimicked Joanna's little prim ways; she gave derisive names to Joanna's little efforts at personal adornment; but she did it all with so airy a charm, and worked such improvement the while, that Joanna thought her fault-finding delightful.

"Come here, and be reconstructed," Anita would say. "I don't like your looks at all, miss; have I not forbidden you over and over again to wear blue? And I don't like this way of doing your hair; it is the result of a blind, inartistic admiration of my imperfections."

"You have no imperfections, Anita," says Joanna, gravely.

"There!" cries Anita, with mock exultation. "How admirably exact are my calculations! I knew I could compel the expression of your unbounded admiration. Joanna, my unsophisticated imitator, when will you be as wise as I am? When will you profit by my instructions? You improve, my dear; this head is well done"—she was pulling the structure of braids and puffs to pieces all the time—"but it is not at all appropriate. You youngling, you must not fancy that what suits me will do for you! What is the chief axiom in dress, Joanna? I've laid that law down to you a hundred times."

"To study the becoming," answers Joanna, with grave propriety.

"Right," says Anita. "Now, don't let your admiration for me run away with your sense. When you adopt my style, my dear, it is just as if a little wood-anemone should try to be a flaunting Japan lily."

"You are not flaunting at all!" cries Joanna, indignantly.

"Don't contradict, miss! Now behold, my anemone, is not that better?" Anita says, parading her grateful sister before the glass.

"O Anita, a thousand times!" Joanna exclaims, enthusiastically. "I'm a great deal better so."

"That's right, child! I'm glad to see you have the faculty of honestly and openly admiring yourself. Never pretend not to know your own perfections; it is an abominable hypocrisy that deceives no one."

"Yes, Anita—I'll remember," said Joanna, with devoted faith. "I'm sure that even Mela would approve the moral tone of your instructions. And you are so good to me! I never knew, before you came, what it was to be really and truly happy."

The mocking smile that began to play around Anita's lips faded away—she never hesitated to laugh at Joanna in her light way—and a strangely-tender expression took

its place. The tears stood in her eyes, and she stooped suddenly and kissed Joanna with fervor; but the next moment she turned away abruptly, exclaiming:

"I'm a doomed wretch! There are four forgotten people in the parlor, and a host of platitudes to be gone through with, woe's me! Joanna, happy Joanna, study the perfection of a wood-anemone at all points until I return."

Mrs. Carl Tomkins had called with Miss Caruthers and the Misses Jordane, two useful, nondescript indispensables of society, who, having a carriage and horses at command, were freely made use of by Mrs. Carl Tomkins, she not being endowed with these good gifts of Fortune.

Mrs. Carl Tomkins felt moved, this dull, warm season, to give a charade-party. "Why not?" she argued. "Charades, tableaux, etc., you know, ladies, are no uncommon amusement at watering-places and other summer resorts; why not make home happy, I say, by introducing kindred amusements at home?" Everybody agreed with her, and she continued: "Two charades, with five or six tableaux interspersed, would enable us to pass a dull evening very agreeably. People need enlivening; our town has never been so ineffably dull. What with the heat, and the dust, and the drought, all vegetation is burning up, and it would be a charity to do something to enliven people."

"It is to be hoped we may bring about a rain," said Anita, demurely. "I never knew a charade-party, or any thing of the kind, that did not give rise to storms."

But Mrs. Carl Tomkins either could not or would not understand Anita.

"Storms are not unusual," said she, "after a long, dry spell, such as we have at present; but Mr. Tomkins thinks we sha'n't have rain in less than ten days, and surely we can get up the charades in less than that time?"

"It will take two weeks," said Anita, "to arrive at perfection; and by waiting that time we shall have a moon."

Some time was consumed in an animated discussion of preliminaries; and then, Anita having promised to be any thing, to do any thing, to say any thing, that was asked of her, the ladies departed to enlist all the talent of Middleborough in the cause.

"Now, Anita," said old Miss Hawkesby, "if you think that I am going to burden myself with this affair, you are much mistaken. I'll advise and direct, but I won't take a needle in my fingers.—This is the way, ma'am"—turning to Mrs. Basil—"when you've a young girl on your hands, your work is never done; and very unsatisfactory work it is, after all; doesn't pay."

"Miss Anita is a proof to the contrary," said Mrs. Basil, in a way that showed how far Anita had advanced in her good graces.

"Thank you, Mrs. Basil," said Anita, with a graceful bow. "My aunt is speaking under a premonition that I shall not follow her advice.—But, indeed, aunt, I will not have you trouble yourself; the weather is too warm, and you are never so amiable in warm weather. Joanna will give me all the assistance I shall need."

"Anita, it's a shame!" exclaimed Miss

Hawkesby. "Are you going to make a slave of that child just as you do of everybody else?"

"Chains are never galling when worn unconsciously," said Anita, mockingly; and then she went up-stairs to prove the truth of her assertion.

Joanna was ready for the work.

"A charade-party!" she cried, eagerly. "O Anita, I cannot imagine it! It must be heavenly!"

"No, my dear innocent," answered Anita, coolly, "not at all. Heart-burnings, backbitings, envyings, jealousies, strifes—are such things heavenly?"

"How, then, do you find any pleasure in such things?" asked Joanna, incredulously.

"You don't know how hard it is to break the chains that bind you," said Anita, somewhat sadly. "Besides, if not in society, where am I to look for distraction? Mind, I warn you, it won't do to look for happiness there—if, indeed, happiness is to be found anywhere."

"O Anita, you grieve me!"

"Don't tear my lace, child!" cried Anita, with a sudden change of tone and manner, "or you'll grieve me."

Joanna was already at work upon one of her sister's costumes.

"No, I will be very careful," she answered, with a slight start. "But, Anita, is there any chance for me?"

"Oh, wisdom of innocence!" cried Anita, mockingly. "Hear that, now! Has not the righteous Miss Basil preached to you by precept? Have not I, who am not righteous, preached to you by example? And yet you would see the world for yourself?"

"Yes, I would," Joanna answered, unhesitatingly. "There is, there must be some happiness in it."

"For you, perhaps, Joanna," answered Anita, rather sadly; "you have so good a heart; and"—with one of those sudden changes of tone and manner peculiar to herself—"you are so blind, so very, very blind! Excuse me, my dear, but you have not my valuable faculty of *seeing into people*."

"Yet, for all that, I should like to go to this charade-party," said Joanna.

"Be a good child, and you *shall* go," answered Anita, with an encouraging pat.

"Ah, my white organdie! If it were possible to have it done in time!" thought Joanna; but she would not permit herself to express one wish on the subject. Anita was so very busy, it would be as much as she could accomplish to prepare her own many changes of costume; and then really the gentlemen took up so much time. Riding, or walking, or receiving calls, Anita had not a moment to spare; so Joanna decided that she would have to discuss the important question of making the organdie with Miss Basil. Miss Basil's opposition would be very discouraging, she knew; but there was no help for it; she could not be so selfish as to trouble Anita about her dress, and, if the white organdie could not be finished in time, there was the polonaise the grandmamma had given her. And Anita, the dear sister, she knew, would stop at the very last moment, though all the world stood waiting, to give her toilet the

finishing touches. No wonder Joanna was blindly devoted to such a sister.

But Anita did not inspire every one with the same unquestioning faith. She kept Arthur Hendall in a state of doubt so humiliating that he was piqued at last into renewing his half-friendly, half-sentimental attentions to Joanna. So, when at dinner that day Miss Anita announced that she would ride with Mr. Ruffner, Arthur determined to seek distraction in Joanna's company. He had not cared of late to linger with her in the garden, whiling away the idle moments in idle chat; it had grown too intolerably warm, was the excuse he offered himself for the neglect with which he had treated her of late; but he thought now that he could be sure of finding her in some one of her favorite haunts, and, to avoid seeing Anita ride off with his rival, he went, when the sun was down, to seek Joanna in her favorite alcove.

But Joanna was not there, had not been there, it was plain, for days past. Withered leaves, blasted by the heat, lay scattered about; dust stood thick upon the broken flora that occupied the corner; spider-webs festooned the entrance; and, greatly to his discomfort, he saw that Joanna's name was erased from the tree. He had forgotten all about carving it there; but none the less was he angry and mortified at seeing it erased.

"Was it ~~his~~ aunt's doing? Or was it possible that Joanna"—but this thought he would not permit to take definite shape; and, while he stood assuring himself that Joanna could never have misconstrued his friendly notice into a deeper sentiment, a voice behind him said:

"You were very good to carve my name there, Mr. Hendall; but I—erased it!"

"And why?" asked he, somewhat indignantly, as he turned and faced Joanna. "Were you displeased?"

"The tree is Pamela's favorite tree," said Joanna, calmly ignoring the question. "You should not have carved it there. Mr. Redmond planted it when a boy; I heard the grandmamma say so."

"Hang the tree!" exclaimed Arthur, impatiently. "What harm did I do it?"

"I cannot permit liberties to be taken with my name," said Joanna, with quite an air. She had been pleased with that expression when she had used it on a similar occasion in speaking to Miss Basil.

"You are grown suddenly particular," said Arthur, with something like a sneer. He felt that Joanna was setting herself in array against him, and he resented opposition from her; it was bad enough from Anita, whose beauty and social advantages entitled her to the right of self-assertion. He little suspected that Anita, who had followed Joanna into the garden in search of flowers for her hair, was close at hand to take Joanna's part.

"Indeed, my little sister shows remarkable discretion," said she, coming suddenly into view from behind the oleander-bushes. "Now, I—I wonder if I should have had the good sense to erase my name, had you carved it there!" She spoke with that mocking air so difficult for any less ready person than herself to parry.

"Oh!" stammered Arthur, coloring, "I did not know that she had you for an adviser."

"Ah, Mr. Hendall, my sister's discretion is greater than you suppose. She is too wise to have a confidante."

"Really?" Arthur began, embarrassed.

"But I had nothing to confide," said Joanna, rather too eagerly. "Mr. Hendall carved my name on Pamela's favorite tree, and—"

"My child, you will lose your character for discretion, if you indulge in explanations," said Anita, gravely, but still mockingly. "Never make explanations—they are either unnecessary or they are useless. Now, in this case, I have heard already—and," turning to Arthur, with a significant look, not free from sternness, she added, "I could tell you the whole story!"

But, before Arthur was ready with a reply, old Thurston came hobbling up with the exclamation:

"Wait a bit there, if you please, Miss J'anna! I'm all entire 'sausted with finding of you. Miss Pamela have *sont* me—"

"For what?" asked Joanna, with a frown. She thought it hard that Pamela should always interfere.

"A gentleman—" panted old Thurston, who, seeing Joanna become impatient, wished to be himself the more deliberate.

"A gentleman—well?" said Anita.

"—and his buggy for you to ride," concluded old Thurston, still speaking to Joanna.

"Mr.?" cried Joanna, with eyes of astonishment. Then with a look and tone of utter blankness, she added, "You must mean my sister, Thurston?"

"It is probably Mr. Ruffner," said Anita, coolly, and without manifesting the slightest disposition to stir. "Let him wait."

"No, Miss J'anna," said old Thurston, solemnly. "It's Mr. Basil Redmond have returned this morning, and he is come with horse and buggy to take you out this evening."

"Mr. Ruffner is late," said Anita, stiffening.

But Joanna did not hear. "Then why," cried she, excitedly, to old Thurston, "why in the world did you not say so at once?" Then to her sister: "O Anita, the very first time in all my life! And my lovely new hat! Will these crape-myrtles do for your hair? They are the only pink flowers I have found; and I must not keep him waiting, should I?" She was trembling with impatience to be gone; and she failed to remark that Anita did not offer to go with her.

"Thank you," said Anita, softly, as she took the flowers; "yes; that will do. No; you should not keep him waiting." And, spurred by this admonition, Joanna ran.

"Ah, but her joints is limber yet," muttered old Thurston to himself, with a melancholy shake of the head, as he walked away.

Anita, leaning against the mimosa-tree, watched her sister out of sight. "She has a child's heart in a woman's body," said she, slowly. "Would you hear my story now, Mr. Hendall?" Her face was very pale, but the sternness had disappeared.

"I'd rather tell a story of my own," said Arthur, meaningly.

Anita made a gesture of refusal. "I don't want to hear it!" she said. "The old ladies—all the ladies of your acquaintance—would say, 'What a dreadful girl Anita Hawkesby is!' but I have gotten this one good out of the thing they call society, I don't care for what people say—"

"Nor feel," interpolated Arthur, with bitterness.

"Possibly! And yet—some sort of heart I must have."

"I wish I might hear you say that interesting discovery is due to me," said Arthur.

"No, it is not," answered Anita, quietly; "it is due entirely to my sister Joanna. Don't misinterpret me, Mr. Hendall; I am not going to make myself out better than I am, if, indeed, I can make myself out at all. But Joanna has taken possession of just the mite of unselfishness that lurks in my composition."

"You were not formerly so fond of her," said Arthur, resentfully. "I never heard you mention her those happy three months I was your slave at Brookville."

"Don't use stereotyped expressions, Mr. Hendall. If you *seem* my slave, it was your own fault."

"Did you know," said Arthur, eagerly, "that I went back there to see you? Sam Ruffner led me to believe that you were there."

"You should have gone to Rockville! heavenly place! I was there!"

"Would it have done any good?" Arthur asked, almost in a whisper.

"Not the least," answered the cruel Anita. "Aunt had the dyspepsia fearfully. Such biscuits! You can't think."

"They are not bad here?" asked Arthur, suggestively. Whoever talked to Anita must humor her.

"No; and I have found a sister," said she, turning abruptly to young Hendall.

"The little Joanna! As if she were to be compared to you!" said Arthur, impatiently. "And it is of you I would speak—"

"She is not to be compared to me," answered Anita, quietly. "I know the difference between us. But it is of her—of *her*, that I would speak. I came here with my heart closed against her; I didn't wish to love her; I felt no need of her; but I did not know my need. Joanna is rustic—an ignoramus, if you will—but she has a heart. She knows, for she has heard it from my aunt and from myself, that, if I were not in her way, she could dress as I dress, and could go out into the wicked world to be contaminated—and, Heavens! what ardent aspirations after the pomps and vanities! And yet the child loves me—loves me for nothing—what have I done to win her, through all these years? Not one particle of envy disturbs her heart. Since I have known Joanna I have felt that I, even I, might be capable of some generous impulses—some unselfish actions."

"You invest her with your own attributes," said Arthur.

"Don't be adulatory, don't, I pray you," cried Anita, with a deprecating gesture, "when I am in earnest."

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"I hear and obey," said Arthur. "It seems to me you are hard to please of late."

"Nobody pleases me, now, but Joanna. Tell me, Mr. Hendall, I'm curious to know, did you not carve her name on that tree before I came?"

"Yes," answered Arthur, with a sort of pained hope in his eyes; he was thinking of the oft-quoted effect of "trifles light as air."

"And the child cut it out after I came," said Anita, quietly.

"How should I know?" replied Arthur, impatiently. "What significance can you attach to all this?"

"I leave you to infer," answered Anita, coldly.

"I swear to you!" cried Arthur, "my heart—"

"I will have no swearing," said Anita; "it is useless. I have told you over and over again that I have no will of my own. My aunt will never see me marry a poor man."

"And if I were rich, then?" asked Arthur, bitterly.

"I could not marry you to please her," answered Anita, gently. "Else, indeed, your poverty would have made no difference to me." She put out her hand with a gracious tenderness as she spoke. "You have much to forgive, I know," she continued, sadly;

"and I, much to repent of. Nor have I any thing to say in my defense, except, only, that until of late I have never truly known myself, I think. Selfish, mercenary, worldly, you may call me, if you like; but believe that I cannot be really false of heart. Oh, pray do not look so; Mr. Ruffner is coming—"

"O Mr. Ruffner!" cried Anita of the world. "Indeed, Mr. Hendall has been so entertaining I had forgotten my promise to ride with you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LEAF OUT OF THE PAST.

"O 'MELA!" cried Joanna, as she came passing into the house. "Can it be a dream, or is life really beginning for me? And, oh! isn't it fortunate that my aunt gave me that lovely new hat? What should I do without it?"

"Joanna, don't be a fool!" said Miss Basil, uneasily. "See how hot and red you've made yourself! Try to acquire repose of manner, or you will never be fit for society." (Could this be 'Mela? Joanna asked herself, incredulously.) "Basil has come to ask you to ride—"

"Yes—I know," interrupted Joanna, speaking rapidly. "He is very good, and I am ever so much—indebted; and I do really believe, 'Mela, that he is indeed a friend."

"I hope you will endeavor to conduct yourself with strict propriety," continued Miss Basil, who never could resist the temptation to preach. "Wear your hat, and brush your hair off your forehead, do."

But this last Joanna had no intention of doing. Brush it off, indeed! Did not Anita wear hers down to her eyebrows?

"And, Joanna—stay a moment, child, I

beg!" cried Miss Basil, as Joanna was rushing away. "Look in the second drawer of my bureau, under the yellow box, in the right-hand corner, and take that black-and-red scarf of mine. You may be out late, and at this season one needs a wrap in the evening: chills are very prevalent, and hard to eradicate from the system."

Astonishment deprived Joanna for a moment of the power of expressing her thanks. What change had come over 'Mela, that she should voluntarily countenance the pomps and vanities? Joanna knew that black-and-red tissue scarf well; it had been the admiration of her childish days; but never, within her recollection, had it been taken out of its place under the yellow box, in the right-hand corner of the second drawer of Miss Basil's bureau, except to be aired, twice in the year.

"O 'Mela!" she said, when she recovered her speech, "how good of you! And I will be so careful. Not a speck shall get on it; you will see." And away ran Joanna upstairs, two steps at a time, to adorn herself in the hat and scarf.

"Ah, me!" sighed Miss Basil, "I do wish to do my duty by that poor child, according to the station she must occupy; but it would be a dreadful thing if the love of finery should blind her to the great duties of life."

Joanna, when she had attired herself in the hat and scarf, looked a different creature; for between her gay adorning, and her supreme delight, she was radiant.

"Upon my word, girl," exclaimed old Miss Hawkesby, who met her in the hall upstairs, "I did not suppose you capable of looking so well. There is something of the Hawkesbys about you, after all. You may give me a kiss, child."

Thus encouraged, Joanna, though she held her aunt in great awe, impulsively threw her arms around the old lady, and said, in a palpitating whisper:

"It is the hat you gave me. What should I do without it?"

"H'm, h'm, h'm!" mumbled old Miss Hawkesby, looking grimly forbidding. "I begin to like you, Joanna, and I'll give you good advice. Enjoy yourself while you are young; for, as sure as you live, there'll come a time when you'll find pink roses no longer becoming. But you are only seventeen, a fool's age; now, don't you make the mistake of fancying that young Redmond is the only man in the world; for, I tell you, he isn't. You wait until I can show you; which I will do, as soon as I've settled Anita."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joanna, dutifully. She would have assented just then to any thing Miss Hawkesby might say. Then she went down-stairs, greeted Basil Redmond with a flattering cordiality, and was whisked away in the buggy before Sam Ruffner drove up for Anita.

Joanna's delight in this, her first invitation to ride, was absolutely without alloy. Was not her hat perfection? Was not her scarf as bright and gay as any displayed up and down the River Road, where all the world of Middleborough were raising a dust that afternoon? And what did Joanna care for the dust when she was helping to raise it? Does not everybody know that it may be one

of the greatest pleasures in life to raise a dust? And, though Basil Redmond was not Arthur Hendall, he proved that in his own way he too could be charming.

"Joanna," said he, as they sped along, with the ends of Miss Basil's scarf fluttering gloriously behind, "when you were a little child, you had a strong belief in fairies; do you still hold to that happy faith?"

"Why, no, certainly," replied Joanna, with that excellent practical sense instilled by Miss Basil. "I am no longer a child, and 'Mela has taught me better. I know, now, that fairies are but a—but a *figment of the imagination*." The ride was inspiring, and Joanna excelled herself.

"I'm very sorry," said Redmond, with difficulty restraining a smile; "for I still believe in them."

"Oh!" said Joanna, in doubt. "But—*figuratively*—"

Redmond laughed good-humoredly. "For instance," said he, "the Fairy Good-Fortune—"

"Oh, now I know—I know you are speaking figuratively," said Joanna, in a tone of relief. Banter she could never understand.

"If she were to bring her rich gifts to 'Mela, as you call her?"

"I don't think," said Joanna, gravely, "that 'Mela would approve of such—*speculations*." (Had not 'Mela voluntarily lent her that inestimable scarf? Could she, then, ungratefully ignore her teachings?) "I said something of the kind once, and she, very properly—rebuked me," continued Joanna, with resolute virtue; "for she did not wish me to become visionary and discontented. Pamela is a—*strictly moral person*," she added, earnestly, "and, therefore, she would never encourage idle expectations. There is no one to leave us a fortune; she told me so."

"She is wise, doubtless," said he. "She has taught you, then, that money cannot make happiness?"

"I don't know about that," answered Joanna, judiciously. "Pamela is often worried about money, and very careful to make as much of it as she can. What is a life-insurance policy?" she asked, suddenly. Joanna remembered, for the first time, what Mrs. Carl Tomkins had said at the grandmamma's dinner-party, and she began, now, vaguely to connect her remarks with the "Fairy Good-Fortune."

Redmond explained. He knew why Joanna asked, for Miss Basil had consulted him on the subject.

"I don't know that I quite understand it," said Joanna, with a sigh; "but I think it is lovely in Pamela to try to lay up money for me, when she knows I would spend it in pomps and vanities—that is, you know, I mean dress; and Pamela despises the pomps and vanities."

"And do you care so much for them?" asked Redmond, laughing. He had, indeed, no need to ask, for he had noted the conscious air with which the hat was worn.

"Ah, yes," Joanna answered, with a sigh; "I would like to—to—accept 'Mela's views; but my sister, now, she teaches me that dress is a matter of importance."

"Oh, yes," answered Redmond, quickly; "I have been anxious to hear: your sister is visiting you, and you are not disappointed in her?"

"Disappointed in her? Oh, but you should see her; she is an angel!"

"And what does your cousin think of her?"

"Pamela? Well, you know, she is not enthusiastic about any thing. She thinks my sister encourages vanity. But you don't know how good she is—Anita, I mean—nor how much pains she takes with me. Don't you see that I am improved in all my ways?"

"I don't know, Joanna," said Redmond, with a kindly smile. "I liked you well enough as I found you."

Joanna looked a little crestfallen.

"Oh," said she, "Pamela took great pains with me—I don't mean to be ungrateful—but we have lived immured here, and Anita has seen the world, which makes a difference."

"It does, indeed," said Redmond, briefly.

"Ah, see! There she is now!" cried Joanna, suddenly. "There is Anita! Look—look! she passes us now, in that white dress!"

And Anita, as she passed, bowed and kissed her hand, while Joanna turned and gazed after her eagerly. When she looked at Redmond again, she was surprised and mortified to see that he was very grave.

"Have I—have I—done any thing improper?" she stammered. "But it is only that she is all the world to me."

"That is well," answered Redmond, and smiled.

"If you knew her, you would understand," said Joanna, much encouraged. "And you shall see her when she comes back from her drive."

But Anita did not return to Basilwood that night. Soon after Redmond and Joanna arrived, Aleck Griswold came in with a twisted strip of paper that he said a lady had thrown him from a buggy, and asked him to bring to Miss Hawkesby; and Miss Hawkesby, going in to the light, read that Anita had gone to spend the night with Miss Ruffner.

"I would give something to understand the working of that young woman's mind!" said Miss Hawkesby, as she threw down the scrap of paper. "Anita never knows, two hours at a time, what she is going to do. But this comfort is mine, she is just as great a puzzle to herself as she is to me. I know she can't enjoy herself with the Ruffners, where they are continually sh-sh-ing people for fear talking will disturb Mrs. Stargold. They are enough to kill her. I wish Anita may have a stupid time—don't you, Mr. Hendall?"

Arthur had a way of responding with alacrity to any notice from old Miss Hawkesby. He had been sitting in the shadow, maintaining a woe-begone silence, but he roused himself now, and made an effort to be entertaining; and the evening passed off much to Miss Hawkesby's satisfaction. She disagreed with Mrs. Basil, she contradicted Miss Basil, she snubbed young Redmond, and she encouraged Arthur in little impertinences

about Sam; and when she went to bed she was in high good-humor with all the world.

It would have greatly enhanced the old lady's enjoyment could she have known how bored Anita was; but if she herself had been present, she could not have discovered the true sentiments of that accomplished little actress. Anita laughed sweetly at the tedious jokes Miss Ruffner made Sam repeat; she listened with an air of interest to the endless details Mrs. Ruffner had gathered about the people of Middleborough; she heard with sympathizing concern all Mrs. Stargold had to say about her symptoms; while she fought mosquitoes and sipped iced tea on the veranda, and heartily wished herself away.

It was worse the next morning, when everybody stepped about on tiptoe, and spoke in whispers, for fear of disturbing the invalid, who was in one of her dejected moods, and disposed to take a gloomy view of all things mundane. The burden of her lament now was, that she must die before the aim of her life could be accomplished. Anita wondered what the aim of her life could be.

Although the old lady was served with officious alacrity, it could not escape Anita's penetration that the whole household were pining for release. Sam yawned, and complained that the silence made him sleepy; Miss Ruffner, in a subdued voice, described the kind of mourning she should wear if ever she were called upon to put it on; and Mrs. Ruffner, in a sibilant whisper, stated confidentially that the prolonged confinement tried her nerves.

"So, Miss Anita, if you won't mind my running away, I need a new belt-buckle, and I'll just walk in to Lebrun's. I must have out-door exercise." Lebrun's was always attractive to Mrs. Ruffner on account of the gossip to be gathered there.

Miss Anita did not "mind" at all; and Mrs. Ruffner, in defiance of her daughter's remonstrances that it was too warm for walking, started off armed against the heat with parasol and fan.

Sam then disappeared to indulge his propensity to sleep; and Miss Ruffner, like a devoted sister, availed herself of the opportunity to promote his interests with the fair Anita. If Anita was to be won, surely she could do it, and Miss Ruffner does not understand to this day how she failed; the girl listened with so charming an air of bashful interest while Sam's domestic virtues, his social tastes, his methodical habits, his lively humor, were under discussion.

But Anita, in calculating the good she had gotten out of society, might have included the enviable power she had acquired of enduring boredom with unruffled calm—a calm that was the result of extracting amusement secretly out of the unguarded revelations of human nature. She looked so innocent, and sweet, and innoxious, while she sat there; convinced in her own mind that it was her duty—and her pleasure no less—to give Sam Ruffner's vanity a lesson. Indeed, giving useful lessons of this kind was the only good Miss Anita could charge herself with in her course through life. And Miss Ruffner, with no suspicion of the heaven of malice that possessed this gracious blond

beauty, waxed so eloquent in whispers that at last old Mrs. Stargold called out querulously, from her room across the passage:

"Why can't you speak out? What are you plotting, Jane?"

But Jane had too much diplomacy to confess in open terms what it was she was plotting. She was sitting by the window, and she rejoiced greatly to see Basil Redmond coming in, for his visit would divert Mrs. Stargold's attention.

"Dear Cousin Elizabeth," she cried, "I see Mr. Redmond coming. You will be glad to see him, I know; I will admit him myself."

Anita started up; but, before she could effect her escape, Miss Ruffner had ushered Redmond into the room, with the brief introduction, "Mr. Redmond, Miss Hawkesby," and left them together, in order to attend upon Mrs. Stargold.

Each bowed low at the introduction; when they looked up, Miss Ruffner was gone. After one quick glance, Redmond stood still in his place, with his eyes cast down, in unmistakable embarrassment.

"Have we ever met before?" asked Anita, in her mocking tones. If she was embarrassed, she gave no sign.

"That is for you to decide," said Redmond, quickly, raising his eyes.

"I have some faint recollection of acquaintance in a previous state of existence," said Anita, folding her hands with a dreamy air.

Basil Redmond advanced a step, as if about to speak; but just then Miss Ruffner returned and said that Mrs. Stargold would see him immediately.

"And, Miss Anita," said she, as she led Redmond away, "I have a note to write for Cousin Elizabeth; will you amuse yourself with a book?"

Anita assented graciously; but was this the same girl, that sank trembling into a chair, covering her face with her hands, the moment she was left alone?

"Unhappy that I am!" she said, bitterly. "My fate pursues me! I was doomed to meet that man again. I came away from Basilwood last night; I endured a social martyrdom here in order to escape him; and lo! here he is! Did he expect to see me? Did he come to meet me? How bravely we met as strangers!" And Anita laughed softly to herself. "Well, it is three years since we parted; why not?"

And then Anita lapsed into a reverie; and "merely by a thought's expansion" found herself in a long, shaded walk she well remembered, fragrant with oleander-blossoms, and swept by the breeze from the sea. By sunlight, by moonlight, by starlight, she knew that walk in all its aspects; once she had taken shelter there from a shower.

"Ah, we staid too late in Galveston," she sighed. "We should have left, my aunt and I, before the oleanders began to bloom. But it was her fault that we staid. How angry she will be now!"

What was it Anita heard that recalled her suddenly? Did she dream? or did old Mrs. Stargold really say something about wishing her wealth to go to a Hendall?

"She means Arthur!" thought Anita; "and I refused him yesterday. If I had only waited I might have had the opportunity of refusing his wealth alone."

Then she heard a door closed with decision, and immediately afterward a bell rang loudly. It was the hall-door bell that rang, and standing in the open hall was Mrs. Basil, with her chin in the air, and a look of triumph on her face.

"Oh, good-morning!" said Miss Ruffner to her as she came down-stairs. "I didn't imagine it was you. Mother is gone shopping, and Cousin Elizabeth is very particularly engaged; but come in."

Miss Ruffner had been Mrs. Basil's guest one whole summer, yet no warmer welcome than this did she ever give her.

"It is of no moment," said Mrs. Basil, cheerfully. "A call is out of place these warm mornings, I know; but I rode with Arthur to the station—he is called away suddenly on some business connected with that unfortunate road"—(Anita laughed to herself at the supreme good faith with which Mrs. Basil made this announcement—*she knew better*)—"and at Miss Hawkesby's request I came by to take Miss Anita home with me"—and here Mrs. Basil gave a hand in absent fashion to Anita—"in my poor carriage."

By this token Anita knew that Mrs. Basil too must have overheard Mrs. Stargold's words; when had she ever called her belongings "poor" before?

"Oh, I protest!" exclaimed Miss Ruffner; and, "Oh, thank you; but I must go, I think," said Anita, glad of an excuse to get away; whereupon an animated contest ensued, in the midst of which Mrs. Ruffner entered, breathless and fanning.

"Oh, my! so warm! so dusty! so tired!—Why, good-morning, Cousin Rowena. I've been to Lebrun's; shouldn't have been back this hour, but Mrs. Carl Tomkins was with the Jordanes in their carriage, and they brought me home.—I've bought my belt-buckle, Jane; how do you like it? A Cupid on a rose-bud; sweet, isn't it?"

"It's horrid, perfectly horrid!" said Miss Ruffner, remorselessly. "Why will you buy such odious things, mother?"

"Well, now, I don't know," said Mrs. Ruffner, good-naturedly, holding the purchase off at arm's length for unprejudiced inspection. "I call that *chaste*. There were other styles; but I couldn't give my mind to them clearly, for that queer Miss Crane was trying to explain a curious vision she had about us all."

"After my tragedy of 'The Secret of the Oleander-Walk,' comes the farce of 'The Williner dreamed a Dream,'" thought Anita; but she looked as innocent as a fair, white lily.

Mrs. Basil smiled with dignified superiority, as though *she* had never been imposed upon by Lydia Crane. Miss Ruffner saw the smile, and said, loftily:

"She wished to tell me something of the kind, but I checked her."

"Certainly, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Basil, approvingly. "The poor creature is insane on the subject of 'visions.'"

"But this really was so singular," continued Mrs. Ruffner, unabashed. "It actually amounted to a prediction of fortune; and, though I can't myself state it distinctly, it seemed to show that Ruffner is a very lucky name, because it takes seven letters to spell it."

"My dear Mrs. Ruffner," said Mrs. Basil, with an indulgent smile, "if there is any thing in the number of letters that compose a name, Hendall is as good as Ruffner.—Pray, Jane," she added, rising, "give my love to Cousin Elizabeth; I would not interrupt her on any account." It was seldom that she was permitted to see her cousin, but this was no longer a grievance.—"Miss Anita, I am at your service."

"I am ready," said Anita; and, after what seemed to her an endless five minutes of adieux, she was at last in the carriage with Mrs. Basil, and driving away.

BASIL'S FAITH.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER FRUIT."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER II.

THE battle that Mr. Bradley fought on the 1st day of September, 1873, was not fought in the open country in the sight of men—it was fought in the recesses, wheresoever they have local habitation, of his own conscience—so, as far as the outside world was concerned, there would be no shout of victory and no shame of defeat; but none the less in that same conscience of his would be felt the silent thrill of moral triumph, or the chill sense of shameful discomfiture. Mr. Bradley's battle, the one battle of his life, ended in defeat.

The more he reflected upon all he knew of Mrs. Milburn's character; the more he pondered on the modest, blameless tenor of her life since she had resided under his roof—the more improbable appeared the charges alleged against her by a wicked and vicious husband, and consequently the greater the justice and duty of affording her an asylum in his family. But against this sense of justice and duty was arrayed the strong feeling of expediency—it was decidedly *expedient* that she should go. Mrs. Bradley had so ruled it, and society supported Mrs. Bradley; could he be fairly called upon to draw the sword against his wife and society in combination? Then, again, on religious grounds, and Mr. Bradley was not a man to ignore religion in its relations to secular conduct, the course of action was very fairly clear. Mr. Bradley's theology was mainly of a prudential nature; the grand precedents of a defiance of the world for the sake of duty and justice did not appear in his mind pertinent to the subject in debate, but it did appear that the right of a wife to select the inmates of her house was very conclusively established by the precedent of Abraham and Hagar. Besides all this, he might chance to be wrong and Mrs. Bradley right in her estimate

of facts, in which case the expulsion of Mrs. Milburn would become a positive duty to themselves, their son, and society; and then, after all, putting it at the worst, he would remain passive, the error of action, if error it were, would rest on Mrs. Bradley's shoulders, not on his. So Mr. Bradley gave up the fight, struck his flag, and surrendered to expediency, and he laid the flattering unction of sophistical extenuation thick upon his soul, but none the less in his heart of hearts did he feel that Mrs. Milburn was innocent; and that he, John Bradley, Esquire, with moneys, divers and sundry, at due interest in safe and prudent investments, with all the esteem and respect of the world—nay, with the positive approval of the world in the act he was about to permit—was nothing better than a mere cowardly, contemptible being, scarcely worthy of the name of man.

Mrs. Bradley's battle, on the other hand, might be called a victory; it was splendid and soul-stirring in all the attributes of triumph—splendid in self-confidence, splendid in the conviction of a righteous cause. Alas! this conviction was only built upon prejudice, anxiety on behalf of Basil, fear of the world, and that womanly power which has not been entirely denied to men, of converting false inferences into absolute facts. Dr. Manley's friendly words of caution were clear proofs of this woman's guilt—clear proofs of the just condemnation of society—could any thing more be required? What! a woman of this character an inmate of her house? oh, dire infection, beyond all power of disinfectants! A woman of this character holding daily intercourse with her son, striving insidiously, no doubt, to ingratiate herself with a young man of total inexperience in the wiles of women—a young man endowed with a generous and even a Quixotic soul! So, the inference being accepted as an incontrovertible fact, the consequences of the fact accumulated with frightful rapidity. Mrs. Bradley was almost panic-stricken with visions of the terrible dangers, moral and otherwise, that beset her son. Thank Heaven, the woman was to leave that very evening! Mr. Bradley had faithfully promised her that much; and she, on her part, had promised a scant and grudging courtesy to Mrs. Milburn for the few hours she was to remain in the house.

Thus it was throughout that day with husband and wife; nevertheless, both in Mr. Bradley's shameful defeat and Mrs. Bradley's delusive victory, lay the seeds of a bitter repentance.

It had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were to spend a friendly evening with their neighbors the Sharps; they were about to start, when the maid, a young girl who had been accustomed to attend on Mrs. Milburn, entered the room with a request from that lady that she might be permitted to see Mr. and Mrs. Bradley before they left for the evening.

"I'll ring for you, Jane," said Mrs. Bradley; and Jane left the room. "I suppose we must see her?"

"You may, Maria; I won't!"

"You needn't speak with such emphasis, Mr. Bradley; I really think it would be kind.

I don't want to appear harsh while she remains here."

"No! Hang it, Maria," replied Mr. Bradley, with increased emphasis, "I *must* be spared this. I can't face her, and that's the truth of it."

"Nonsense!"

"If I believed in Dr. Manley's opinion, I'd see her at once; but I don't believe in it. The more I think the matter over, the more convinced am I of her innocence."

"Marvelous incredulity!"

"Be that as it may, with this faith strong in me, I have agreed to her being sent away, knowing full well that this act in the eyes of the world means our condemnation—that's why I can't see her. I shall be in my study, engaged there; mind, she's not to come to me. I shall be ready when you are ready."

Mr. Bradley left the room. There was a certain point in minor matters at which he was capable of becoming doggedly obstinate, and Mrs. Bradley felt that that point had been reached.

Clara Milburn had nerved herself to make one last appeal for mercy—nerved herself to encounter once more the cruel words of Mrs. Bradley; she had crushed down with violent effort the pride of her heart which was counseling her with fierce counsel to set Mrs. Bradley at defiance, and repay scorn with scorn. A dangerous guide, and she knew it; she saw clearly whither such counsel tended, and she shuddered at the terrible sight. Nay, nay: humility must be her friend—long-suffering endurance must be her counselor; surely her last earnest prayer for countenance and support would be crowned with success!

She entered the room with beating heart and trembling steps. Mrs. Bradley's manner was sadly cold and distant. Could there be any hope?

"Well, Mrs. Milburn, we are about to start, but at your request I have remained to see you."

"But—Mr. Bradley?" she asked, eagerly.

"He declines seeing you again."

"At last he has come to believe in those lies!"

"I don't say that," replied Mrs. Bradley, evasively; "you leave us simply because Dr. Manley advises it."

"I feel I must have been a great burden to you," urged Clara; "but if you could only know the value of your support to me—every word, every act, acquired a tenfold significance—mere trifles to an ordinary guest stood to me as vouchers of faith and confidence." And then, in tones of great vehemence: "I swear to you, I'm innocent! Oh, bear with me a little longer—don't send me away until after that trial—"

"Really, Mrs. Milburn, I am not accustomed to this excitement."

"O Mrs. Bradley, do give me one word of kindness! I'm too weak to battle it out and defy the world without some support. Oh, for one blessed word of confidence! If you could only realize the fearful position in which I stand—cast out of the pale of respectability; no protection, no safeguard; the last friends shunning me as a vile thing; nothing to hope from respectable persons but contempt and scorn!"

Mrs. Bradley endeavored to change the issue.

"You do me great injustice," she observed; "I have never despised or scorned you. I trust I never despise or scorn any one; really, if you keep talking in this exaggerated strain, my palpitations will come on, I know they will; try to be calmer, pray."

Calm in the midst of a terrible struggle—oh, bitter mockery!—with one last, despairing effort, Clara threw herself at Mrs. Bradley's feet.

"Say you believe me guilty; say you believe—knowing me as you do—that those monstrous stories are credible, and I will not utter another word of importunity. O Mrs. Bradley, you cannot say so—you cannot say so! have mercy and patience, then, for a little longer!" and she clung to Mrs. Bradley with fervent grasp.

Ere this, Mrs. Bradley had never beheld human nature in its phase of passion and despair; the dark storms of life had never clouded her sunny existence; she did really feel very uncomfortable, and rather alarmed. In a weak, sentimental manner, she was deeply moved by Clara's appeal; not by its justice, but by her own uneasiness of soul. At this critical moment, however, the balance was thrown into the adverse scale by the return of Martha.

Martha's presence completely restored Mrs. Bradley's moral force.

"Here's Martha, Mrs. Milburn; we must hear what she's done."

Clara started to her feet; she felt that the presence of that woman sealed her doom.

"Well, Martha, you've had a long day?" said Mrs. Bradley, briskly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You've arranged with your sister about Mrs. Milburn?"

"Sister sends her respectful duty to you and master—there's few things she wouldn't do on her knees if you asked her—but—" and Martha hesitated significantly—"her apartments are engaged."

The color flew into Clara's face, but with resolute effort she held her peace.

"Then what have you done, Martha?"

"Me and sister tramped about all day; at last we found just the very place, six doors lower down—Mrs. Jenkins."

"Your sister knows Mrs. Jenkins?" inquired Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; goes to the same chapel—if any thing she's more prayerful than sister—but is just now rather short in rent and rates."

"You've taken Mrs. Jenkins's drawing-room?"

"Yes, ma'am, by the week."

"Mrs. Milburn will go to town directly our brougham returns," said Mrs. Bradley, with decision. "You needn't wait, Martha; I'm sure you must be tired."

Martha left the room, rejoicing in her own mind that she had prevented Mrs. Milburn from disgracing her sister's house.

"O Mrs. Bradley! is there no hope? must I leave this house?"

But Clara felt there was no hope; her voice had lost its force, and Mrs. Bradley was no longer alarmed or disturbed.

"Every thing is arranged, Mrs. Milburn. I wish you could have gone to Mrs. Johnson's, but—"

"I am evidently not fit to go there," replied Clara, reproachfully; her manner was fast changing under the influence of despair.

"Don't blame me, Mrs. Milburn. You see your conduct has closed nearly every respectable house against you—"

"Those lies have. You don't believe them, but you fear them."

Mrs. Bradley felt the necessity of an uncompromising vindication of her own conduct.

"If you will force me to speak out, I do believe you are not a fit person to remain in this house."

"Enough, Mrs. Bradley," replied Clara, with bitter emphasis; "I am *not* a fit person to remain here. I will detain you no longer. Good-evening." And she turned from Mrs. Bradley with proud gesture.

"Well, Mrs. Milburn, really! Oh, well, good-evening! I wish you well." And Mrs. Bradley left the room.

Clara Milburn flung herself upon the sofa. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's brougham drove away. It was all over; the lies had won the victory; the last stronghold was stormed. She was cast out to fight the hard fight to the end with her own weak hands.

"O merciful Heaven!" she cried, "can it be permitted? What! left to stand alone!—left to face the world's contempt without the faith of one single soul to cast a ray of help and confidence on my falling heart? Alone, circled with scorn! O dreary hours—dreary days! No love to cling to for support; not even that baby-face—that face pure as an angel's—that face holy with innocence—that guardian angel of a mother's heart! O devilish iniquity to drag her from my arms! Her weakness, my strength; her feebleness, my fortitude; her smile, my consolation! No: alone now—condemned!"

Captain Seton stole in cautiously by the window entrance.

"Clara," he whispered.

She started up.

"You here!" she exclaimed, with indignation. "I told you I would not see you again!"

"It shall be for the last time!"

"I say, no!"

"I will—I must speak!" he answered.

"I will not hear you!" She went toward the door, but he barred her progress. "Let me go, Captain Seton!" She drew back from him toward the fireplace. "This is shameful. If you compel me, I'll ring the bell for the servant to show you out."

"One moment, for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed.

"Is your love for me," she asked, with indignation, "so merciless that you can compromise me in this reckless way?"

"No danger is incurred, Clara. I am free to come in and out of this house as I like. Oh, bear with me now! it shall be the last time."

"Speak, then, for the last time."

"You were forced into that wicked marriage?"

"I was."

"You were engaged to me?"

"I was."

"He has cast you off—driven you from society—traded your character!"

"Why these facts?" she asked, impatiently.

"Because they prove that the bond is broken between you; they prove the greatness of the wrong—the misery and the sorrow. You are alone, cast out. I pray you to let me share that misery and that sorrow."

"No—forever no!" she replied, with intense decision.

"Do I ask for smiles? I come now when the shadow is deepest. I prize tears more than smiles. My love is not for sunshine. Mark what I will do. I will give all I possess, and give it gladly. I will throw up my commission. I will break with society; that society which has treated you with such heartless cruelty. I will bear you away from all this misery—happiness in a new land!"

"Shame!" she exclaimed, scornfully.

"Shame here, which cannot be averted. Can I—can any one—save you from this misery here in England? But abroad, unknown, we are free; a new land, a new life: that life which should have begun for us four years ago—that hope to which I have been ever true."

"No," she answered; "shame in my own bosom, whether the world be ignorant or not."

"If I give up so much gladly, will you give up nothing?"

"Nothing, Captain Seton? Why, nothing is all!"

"I will live—die for you."

"Not die—only weary," she answered, with a bitter smile.

"Weary! O Clara, is this just to me? Is my love a thing of yesterday? This is my first love, true from its birth up to now—true, because it has been tested; true, because it courts all that the world can give as nothing in the balance. Sacrifice, no sacrifice—sacrifice the truest joy!"

"Cease. I will listen no more!" she exclaimed, with resolute determination.

"Think well how the matter stands," he urged, vehemently. "My love on the one side, the world's cruel scorn on the other. Why, if your story cannot convince your friends, how shall it convince a jury? Besides, can I wait for a verdict? I must go to India at once, or not go."

"Then go—go, and leave me, for Heaven's sake! Every word you utter is a disgrace. Hush!" she exclaimed, listening, "some one comes. Go, I beg and pray. If you have any consideration left for me, go—go!"

He withdrew into the garden. Martha entered with a lamp.

"Ah, Captain Seton," she murmured, "you have spoken for the last time! If none are true to me, I will still be true to myself. Has the brougham returned?" she inquired of Martha.

"No, ma'am."

"I am going to my room; please to send me up to me."

"I will attend to any thing you want, ma'am."

"I want Jane!"

"Please, ma'am, Jane can't come."

"Why not? Is she busy?"

"I can't give any reasons, ma'am: she can't come." Martha scorned to palter with the truth.

"Is this your mistress's order?" asked Clara, with a sickening feeling pervading her frame.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you mean to say that the girl is to be kept from me?"

"Those are my orders, ma'am. I am to wait upon you as long as you remain here, and not the other servants."

"O Martha, for Heaven's sake!" she exclaimed, piteously, "this can't be true. Am I so horribly wicked that they are afraid of my saying a few parting words to a girl who has been kind and attentive to me?"

"I can only repeat, ma'am, that I am to wait upon you, and no one else. Jane has been brought up under missus's own care; if she'd been her own daughter, missus couldn't have been more particular about her. I'll say that, if I never say another word."

"Enough; I won't detain you any longer." But Martha chose to stay, for a purpose of her own.

"If you please, ma'am, I'm only a servant, and you're a lady; but I must make bold to say one word. There's one thing that makes us poor wicked things all equal—that's sin, ma'am—sin. You and I are both dreadful sinners. O Mrs. Milburn, repent—repent!"

"Silence, Martha!" exclaimed Clara, in a voice of anger; "you forget yourself; leave the room!"

But Martha did not immediately leave the room. She was stubborn by nature; her theology was intense, though not comprehensive; its cardinal principle was hatred. She had been persistently taught to hate sin, and she had included the sinner in the lesson. It was a grand opportunity for the vindication of her theology, and she resolved to be true to the opportunity.

"I will do my duty, ma'am; you sha'n't be lost for want of a saving word; repent, while it is yet time—repent! repent!"

Clara turned away with disgust and indignation.

"A proud heart leadeth to destruction," Martha muttered in audible tones as she left the room.

And Martha spoke truly; the cruel work was done. Captain Seton little thought, as he skulked behind the bushes, that the woman who a few minutes before had rejected him with so much scorn and indignation, had fallen into his snare. He was resolved, indeed, once more to press his suit, although the effort seemed hopeless. Alas! the pride of Clara Milburn's heart had been evoked at last! a new and desperate spirit animated her soul, declaring its inward presence by an outward change which wellnigh transformed her whole being; the softer outlines faded from her face, and hard-cut lines of scorn took their place; the eyes lost their veiling of modest depression, and gazed with fixed,

unabashed glance; the lips were close set, each muscle was strung to hardest tension.

"Oh, last drop of degradation!" she cried; "nothing spared—forced to my lips to the bitter dregs—no more hope, no more faith! the battle's over! I'm beaten at last—let the defeat be on their heads."

Seton stole in from the window-entrance. She hurried up to him.

"Once more, Clara, I pray—"

"No need," she cried, taking his hand;

"I accept your offer, I go with you."

He was startled by her words—startled by her strange aspect.

"O happiness!" he murmured; but the word mocked him as he spoke it.

"Not happiness," she answered, scornfully, as she snatched her hand away from him; "bitterness and shame!—take me for that, if you will."

"I will."

"Not love!—hate! hate for the social injustice, for the scorn and contempt passed on me; no more meekness and resignation—a new heart, a heart of brass. Shame, then be it shame! Guilt, then be it guilt! I'm yours now—yours! yours!" she exclaimed, with fierce emphasis. "What! do you shrink at my words?"

And, almost involuntarily, he did shrink away from the woman he had won.

"Shrink?" he answered, with a forced smile.

"You do shrink. Oh, I can pardon you! I'm not the Clara Milburn you thought to win—gentle, soft, loving. I tell you another nature has sprung up in me—hardness, defiance, scorn for scorn—the river is crossed at last; respectability may frown and shrink on the other side. Do you care for me now?"

"If you are changed, I am not," he answered, in feeble protest.

"Kiss me!" she cried, in the mad excitement of her brain—the words hissed from her lips; "give me the kiss of degradation and shame—"

Again he shrank from her, the woman he had won.

"Afraid of kissing a woman!" she exclaimed, with bitter derision and contempt.

Nettled by her taunt, he touched her lips with his.

"Enough!" she shrieked; and, with a shudder of loathing and disgust, thrust him from her. "That's indelible; right through to the soul—an eternal blot. Let's go!"

"My boat is at the bottom of the garden," he answered.

"No, Captain Seton," she replied, with withering scorn; "we two leave this house openly. Ring the bell."

"Ring the bell?" he exclaimed, with astonishment.

"Ring the bell," she answered, with resolute voice.

"But everybody—" he expostulated.

"Everybody will know," she replied, exulting in his hesitation and dismay. "I mean them to know; you said you would share my misery and sorrow, you must share my defiance and my scorn. Follow me, or leave me, as you will, there's yet time; go back to society, and join the rest in spurning me."

"I follow you," he replied; and he felt that she was in very truth leading him.

"Don't lightly choose," she rejoined, in scornful tone; "and yet it doesn't much matter: if you do fail me, I shall still have one true friend—death. One minute, though, before we go. Mrs. Bradley must know all about this affair. I'll write a few lines to her in requital for all the misery she made me suffer while I clung to her for protection; those smiles of mine which covered anguish; that submission which bent to the lash of her tongue. Oh, my long-enduring hypocrisy, flung away at last—plain-speaking now!" She went to the writing-table.

Was this the woman he had sought so earnestly to win? Was this the sweet, soft triumph of love? He took her hand in his.

"Your hand burns, Clara—"

"My brain as well—it's like a furnace." She wrenched her hand from him. "Quick! a pen—now paper—thanks! My hand's firm enough, and my words shall be firm, too. Read as I write—that's bitter!" she exclaimed. "Plain enough, isn't it? She'll understand that, won't she? Black and white—no equivocation. Ah, this will cut her Pharisaic righteousness to the quick! no doubt of shame and guilt now!" She held up the letter, thrusting it in his face, that he might again read it, and see the desperate words she had written.

"Pray make haste," he said, nervously, pushing away her hand.

"No hurry; I must sign my name," she replied, with irritating calmness and deliberation.

"Then sign at once. Good Heavens, that's Basil's voice!" he exclaimed.

"Is it?" she answered, with affected unconcern.

"I'm sure it is."

"What's that matter to us?"

"But he'll come here!"

"Let him come, by all means," she replied, with provoking calmness.

"We must leave before he comes."

"What! afraid of a good young man like Basil?" she answered, with taunting voice.

"This is folly, Clara; you really must consider a little what people will say."

"If I don't fear shame, why should you?" she asked, with strong emphasis. "Besides," she added, in sarcastic tone, "society will always forgive you when it is convenient for you to repent—it will never forgive me. An envelope, please."

He impatiently handed her an envelope.

"Now for the direction, and I shall be ready to go."

"Confound it, here he is!" exclaimed Seton, with evident dismay. "Quick! follow me." He snatched up the letter, and hurried into the garden.

"I will direct this envelope before I stir from this chair," she said, with determination; and, with careful, exact hand, she wrote: "Mrs. Bradley, Broadmere Villa, Twickenham." She had scarcely risen from her chair when Basil entered the room.

This Basil—this good, virtuous, money-making young man—she felt a thrill of vindictive pleasure at meeting him once more.

"O Mrs. Milburn!" he exclaimed, "I was half afraid I should find you'd gone!"

"I am going directly, Mr. Basil."

"I'm so glad I've found you!"

"I don't think your mother would be equally pleased," she replied, in ironical tone.

"Nonsense!" he answered, with a pleasant laugh.

"I beg you to tell her that you have sought me, not that I have sought you; she considers you so good, so excellent, so irreplicable—"

"Bless me, Mrs. Milburn!" He, too, was struck with the strangeness of her face, and the unwonted hardness of her voice.

"I am so wicked—branded with shame—an outcast. Don't come near me; my influence on a young man would be so very pernicious. I should destroy that fair reputation which hedges you round. Why, even to speak to me is to risk your credit with society."

"Who says this?" he asked, indignantly.

"Your mother!"

"I fear my mother has said some things I cannot defend," he answered, in a tone of regret.

"Oh, your mother was right enough. I am wicked—guilty—only worthy of your contempt. Look down upon me from your pedestal of respectability, and scorn me as you will."

"Really, Mrs. Milburn—" he expostulated.

"Be hard," she continued, in sarcastic voice. "You have never been tempted; then show no mercy on one who has fallen—turn away and walk on the other side—I am a thing to shun."

"Pray cease this random talk," he exclaimed, earnestly. "I know the past must have been very hard to bear."

"It was very hard," she replied; "no matter, that time is past and gone."

"It is, thank Heaven!" His words were spoken with marked significance.

"What do you mean?" she asked, struck by the tone of his voice.

"I repeat, that time is past and gone. I bring blessed news to you; those calumnies and those lies are at an end! Those vile reptiles which swarmed against you are crushed!"

"Crushed!" she cried, in bewilderment.

"No more reproach," he continued; "no more false accusation; no more fear of that wretched court. You are saved from all that misery."

"Saved! How saved?"

"Your husband bears testimony to your perfect innocence."

"Impossible!"

"With his own hand!"

"A miracle!" she exclaimed.

"Have faith," he answered. "It was not possible that Heaven could permit this horrible injustice. I have been with your husband all day—it was a hard fight. I won't speak of him to you; enough that I have shamed him into truth—plucked away the lies—broken up that vile conspiracy; with his own hand he vouches for your perfect innocence; here's the letter, read it." He gave

her the letter, and she read it, dazed and bewildered.

"All reproach is done away with by that letter," he continued. "You are restored with full right and all honor to your old position in society. No one can gainsay your husband's written words."

"It cannot be true," she answered; "it must be a dream."

"No dream, Mrs. Milburn—written words, written words!"

"What! innocent!" she cried. "No more reproach—no more coldness—no more scorn—no more bitter contempt! perhaps tenderness, perhaps affection, perhaps confidence and love once more."

And tears rose in her eyes, and the new hardness faded from her face, and the old softness returned, and she was her own true self once more; and through quick-falling tears she declared her gratitude:

"You have done all this—you, whom I despised—you, who seemed to be so cold, so distant—scarcely ever uttering a word to me. Oh, why did you let me feel all this hardness toward you—you, who have been striving for my cause as no one else has striven; you, who have saved me at the last?"

"I'm not a fellow to talk much," he answered, bluntly. "If I can do a thing, I do it, and talk afterward."

"Forgive me, Mr. Basil." She took his hand.

"Yes, yes! fiddlesticks about forgiveness and all that sort of thing;" and he turned from her in his plain, matter-of-fact manner.

"Innocent!" she murmured. "Innocent in the sight of the world!" She heard, or thought she heard, a foot-fall in the garden. "Merciful Heavens! he comes;" and she gazed, as one fascinated, into the outer darkness.

"What's the matter?" inquired Basil.

"Nothing—nothing."

"Do you hear any one in the garden?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you. Oh, not now, not now!" she murmured to herself. "Not dragged back to that perdition—to that shame! not an outcast now!" In an access of terror she flew to Basil, as if for protection. "I'm not guilty!" she cried, in agonized voice. "Not guilty! If I said I was guilty, it wasn't true—you'll believe that."

"I know it."

"But I did say I was guilty—I did say I was wicked; I did say I was branded with shame. If any one tells you that, it's false. Oh, you won't desert me, now, at this last moment—you won't desert me?"

"Why, you forget your husband's letter!" he answered, in assuring tone.

"Not that—not that. Oh, if any one says I'm guilty, you won't believe it?"

"Of course not!" he replied, indignantly. "I should like to see the man who'd dare to say it."

"You'll promise to uphold me still?"

"O Mrs. Milburn, try to calm yourself. After all you've suffered, I don't wonder at this revulsion of feeling. Sit down for a minute." He led her to a chair. "You must try to regard the past as an ugly dream—a frightful nightmare—nothing more than the

product of a dream. All misery and sorrow are at an end. I only know of one thing for you to do," he added, after a pause.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Well, if I may dare to say so—forgive."

"Forgive?"

"Forgive my mother—if I have done you any service. I ask this as my reward."

"I do forgive her, from the bottom of my heart."

"Thank you"—he grasped her hand—"thank you, Mrs. Milburn."

"I can forgive others," she thought to herself; "can I ever forgive myself?"

"Why, you never asked me whether I saw Mabel to-day?" he observed, in cheerful tone.

Her child! but his words fell dead upon her ears; for she was listening, in agonized tension, for the foot-fall of that man who held possession of her accursed letter.

"Mabel? yes, Mabel?" she answered, mechanically.

"I did see her; she's as bright as ever."

He was talking about her child; but she was trying to solve a terrible doubt: "Would that man have mercy on her?—would he bury the past in silence?—would he reveal her shame?"

"You'll see her very soon, Mrs. Milburn;" and Basil marveled much at the strangeness of her manner.

"Shall I? shall I?" Her ear caught sound of a rustle in the shrubbery; she started from her chair, and clung, terror-stricken, to Basil. "If any thing is said against me," she gasped, "you won't believe it—promise me that—"

"What, returning to that old story?" he said, in a good-natured, half-chiding tone. "Nonsense, nonsense! I want you only to think about Mabel;" and he made her resume her seat.

"I've got another surprise for you, only you must promise to be very calm."

"Calm! Indeed, I'm quite calm."

"I've done more than bring that letter—I've brought Mabel as well."

"Brought Mabel!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"She's here, in this very house."

Her child was in the house—the child she had been dying to see; but what was that to her? That man was waiting for her outside. Shame, disgrace, degradation; she had chosen them in that past evil moment of dire temptation.

"Asleep in Martha's room," he continued.

"You see, I didn't leave my work half done," he added, in a tone of pride. "Come, let's go and see the little lady."

He took Clara's arm in his, and gently led her toward the door. She went with him a few paces; then she suddenly broke away from him. Her business was in that room, not at the bedside of her child.

"No, I can't go—I can't—not just now—it's all so fearfully sudden. I'll breathe the fresh air for a few minutes." He offered her his arm to go to the garden. "No, leave me—leave me. I'd rather be alone; leave me for a short time; that's all I ask. I shall be myself directly."

He would have obeyed her, but at that

moment his father and mother entered the room.

"Clara, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, "we know all about it; Martha's told us every thing. We couldn't stop at the party. Mr. Bradley had a headache."

"Say we couldn't stop, Maria, because we felt somehow we hadn't done what was right."

Basil handed Tom Milburn's letter to his father, who read it with anxious attention.

Mrs. Bradley's repentance was full and heart-felt. She threw herself at Clara's feet, kneeling to her as she sat in the chair.

"O Clara! can you forgive me?"

"She has forgiven you, mother," exclaimed Basil.

"O my poor, wronged darling!" continued Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes. "How can you forgive me all the hard things I have said and thought? I feel so ashamed. Oh, that I should ever have listened to those vile stories, and thought them true! Tell me, if you can, with your own lips, that you forgive me."

"I do, Mrs. Bradley, I do forgive you;" and Mrs. Bradley clasped Clara's hand in hers.

"Only one thing I ask: prove your forgiveness by more than words. Remain with us—make this house your home."

"What! remain with you—remain here?" exclaimed Clara, in tones of wonder.

"Our honored guest," said Mr. Bradley, putting down Milburn's letter.

"Don't refuse us, Clara, I beg and pray," said Mrs. Bradley, with the greatest warmth. "Enable me to repair the bitter past."

"This is very kind—too kind," she answered; and then, with sudden change of tone, she started up, agitated and trembling. "No, no—I'm not worthy of this; I'm not, indeed." And she involuntarily shrank away from Mrs. Bradley.

"Clara, dear, you say you have forgiven me; but these words sound like words of reproach."

"You can never return to your husband," observed Mr. Bradley, gravely; "you must be *our* daughter."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Basil. "Then *our* sister, by Jove!"

"Yes; our daughter, our sister," said Mrs. Bradley, in kindest tone; "always with us—always revered as one who has passed through the fire of trial and temptation scathless."

Sadder than the bitter words of scorn and insult fell the loving words of Mrs. Bradley on Clara's ear.

"No, no!" she murmured, sinking into a chair. "You do not know me. I am *not* worthy of your kindness."

And now, most undoubtedly, there was a sound of some one in the garden. Basil ran up to the window, and looked out.

"Why, it's Seton, I believe.—Hullo, Seton! What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Nothing," answered Seton, from the outside; "only my skiff's got aground."

The terrible moment had arrived. Clara started from her chair, and clung, in terror, to Mrs. Bradley.

"Oh, let me stay—let me stay! Don't

send me away! I'm not really guilty! I'm not, indeed I'm not! I swear I'm not!"

"We know it, my poor child," said Mrs. Bradley, soothingly; and she tenderly pressed Clara to her heart. "We know it, darling—be assured of that. Poor, burning forehead! Rest this throbbing head on my bosom. Be calm—be at peace. My daughter now."

Seton entered from the garden.

"Why, confound it, Seton," exclaimed Basil; "you're always making a muddle with that stupid boat."

Clara broke away from Mrs. Bradley's arms; she met Seton face to face on the threshold.

"O Captain Seton, she exclaimed, in a broken, agitated voice, "every thing is changed now—changed. My husband has declared my innocence—sent back Mabel. Every thing is altered now. You understand—*altered*. What's passed is passed. I'm to remain here—not go—not go! *Here*, in this house—with *them*!"

She staggered back exhausted. Basil caught her in his arms; Mr. and Mrs. Bradley hurried up to her assistance; Captain Seton remained standing by himself on the threshold.

THE JOHN HARRIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY," ETC.

"I'VE been thinkin', sir, you'd like to hear of how we gave chase to a slaver off the east coast of Africa in the year '59."

I nodded assent. I had made the acquaintance of my friend Jack Pembroke on the day I reached Broadstairs, and since then I had walked out several times to Kingsgate to have a chat with him about his life on board a man-o'-war. Jack was a splendid-looking, muscular fellow, about six feet high, with handsome blue eyes and a tawny mane and whiskers that matched his skin in color, and that looked a perfect embodiment of tropical sunshine. He had taken service in the Preventive force at Kingsgate for a time, he said, as his wife did not want him to go to sea again. The last time I had seen him I asked him to search his memory for a yarn against my next visit, as I meant to go up and see the life-boat; so when he saw me he had greeted me with this sentence.

Jack was standing by the life-boat house when I reached him, but he seemed to think this an unfit place for story-telling.

"Come round, sir," he said, "to the lee-side of Neptune's Tower. There's a seat there, snug in the sunshine."

So there was; and, as he had evidently preconceived this arrangement, he began at once, without any preface, except to say, in answer to my question, that his ship's name at this time was her majesty's steamer Spitfire.

"We was cruising about in the Bight. We'd none on us been ashore for three years; for, you see, sir, there's a deal of fever on the coast, and it wouldn't do; general ways, ships takes it turn and turn about to go ashore at St. Helena, but somehow we hadn't done it, and our cap'n—he was a rare good

one, our cap'n was—I s'pose he guessed he felt it tightish work, tho' I don't think none on us did, for we were all comfortable among ourselves. He used to give us leave when the country people comed down to the shore, as they do at some o' the places, with eggs, and cheese, and such like. Well, he'd say, 'Go ashore, lads, and buy what you like;' and, if we brought a cask o' brandy back, he never said nothin' contrary. We always locked it up, you know," said Jack, looking as serious as his usual expression of broad good-humor permitted, "and served it us out in rations, extra, after supper; and then we used to have singin', and dancin', and jokin'—bless your heart, sir, we were as jolly—it was partickler so for me; for, you see, there was only the cap'n, the master, and a midshipman—both these last was boys—so, tho' I was only a petty officer (cox'en of the long-boat), the cap'n he looked to me for every think, you know, sir; not but what he was rare and kind to all on us, but I had a'most all the same as a quarter-deck officer. Well, one day we was at Wydar, when a missionary comes aboard and tells the cap'n if he'll give him forty pounds he'll put him in the way of a slaver—the slavers is mostly taken thro' the reports of the missionaries, sir. Well, the cap'n he sent for the officers, and they talked it over, and it was settled that the missionary—he was a black 'un—should be paid the money if the slaver was taken, and the contrary if it wasn't. So then he told us that she was a brigantine sailin' under the Merrikin colors, and callin' herself the John Harris. She had only lately come in, and he knew she'd not loaded yet.

"Next morning we got orders from the admiral's ship to go up to Lagos; so off we goes, the risk being that the slaver might have taken in her cargo afore we comed back, you see, sir. Well, we wasn't long at Lagos. We'd left a boat to watch her, and, as soon as we comes back, there she was, sure enough, with the Merrikin flag flyin'.

"As soon as our cap'n sees this, he tells me to man a boat, and off he goes to have a parley with the Merrikin skipper. Only the cap'n and the midshipman goes on deck, and we stays below in the boat. Presently I looks up and I sees, peeping over at me, a face I knowed—a mate's I'd served with on board the Britannia.

"'Hullo, mate,' says I; 'I thinks I knows your face.'

"'I knows yours, if you don't know mine,' he says, grinnin'.

"'Your name's Freeman, ain't it?' says I.

"'Well, it is,' says he; 'what then?' and he grins at me again.

"'What are you a-doin' here?' says I.

"'Oh, we'd only got a small cargo,' says he, 'and we've nearly got rid of it.'

"'All ready to take in the live 'un, eh?' says I.

"'That's nothin' to you nor me,' says he, quite short.

"'I saw I should get nothin' more out of him. Presently the cap'n comes down and tells us to pull back to the ship.

"'I can't make any thing out of her, Pembridge,' he whispers; 'she's not loaded yet, at any rate.'

"Well, I felt terrible oneasy because I was sure she was after no good; but, as the cap'n said, we'd no proof to warrant us in takin' any proceedings ag'in her. For, you see, sir, that was before this Merrikin war, and the Merrikins didn't allow no right of search; so, if the cap'n had opened her hatches, and she'd turned out no slaver at all, why, their government 'ud ha' brought a haction again ours, and our cap'n 'ud ha' lost his commission.

"Well, sir, on and off we went on cruisin' thereabouts for three months, never once losin' sight of the John Harris.

"She dropped down to St. Thomas's after a bit, and filled all her water-casks; but she seemed so quiet and take-it-easy about it that some on us began to feel terrible puzzled. We'd noticed that she'd had a lot o' planks aboard to make a slave-flat; but she'd sent all ashore now. You know, sir, if they don't ship the darkies as soon as old King Dahomey's got 'em ready, why, he claims 'em, and makes the skipper buy 'em all over again.

"Well, all on a sudden one Saturday evening we missed her. She was gone right clear, like a flash of smoke, from under our bows. The cap'n was terrible vexed; for, you see, sir, we thought she'd perhaps taken her cargo in and was off safe enough to Cuba. So he sends two crew-boys ashore to inquire of the missionary what give us informations. Well, sir, the crew-boys didn't come back, nor the boat neither. It was plain enough they'd been put in prison to stop their laying informations.

"We was precious wild to think we'd lost her after all; for, you see, supposin' she hadn't loaded up, we didn't know where she was a-goin' to take 'em in, so we didn't know where to look for her.

"The next morning was Sunday—it was a misty, hazy sort of weather—I was keeping watch while they was at church below, and I just thought I'd get up in the cross-trees and have a lookout. I'm blowed if I didn't ketch sight on her somewhere down the coast, at a place called Ambrosette. Down I goes, and whispers to the cap'n:

"'Cap'n,' says I, 'there's the John Harris.'

"'Where?' says he.

"'Down at Ambrosette. She's a gettin' 'em in—she won't be there long, cap'n,' says I.

"Well, the cap'n he cuts church precious short, and up he comes to the cross-trees.

"'That's her, sure enough,' says he, after he'd taken a squint at her thro' the glass.

"But he wouldn't have steam got up at once because he wanted, you see, to let her ship her cargo. Agin' it was dusk we was all ready, and then down we steamed at a tremendous rate.

"Well, we was looking forrard—it had come on a bit hazy all on us—bending our eyes in one direction, and 'specting to ketch sight on her ivery minute, for, you see, sir, we'd no suspicions as she was off, when, on a sudden, one of our crew who'd been ill, and was sitting for hair on a coil of ropes in the stern, he calls out: 'Hello, there she is—there's the John Harris!'

"There she was behind us. Why, sir, we'd passed her in the fog, which had just

lifted off now, and, if that invalid seaman hadn't happened to be hill and to be looking otherways to what the rest on us was, we'd lost her altogether.

"Well, the cap'n he calls out, 'Ease her—stop her;' and our ship was soon swung round, within hail of the slaver. The fog had cleared off now—you see, sir, in them there seas it's never what you may call dark—and we'd soon got near enough to be sure of her.

"But the cap'n wouldn't meddle with her till daylight.

"Then he hails her: 'What ship's that?'

"'What ship are you?' came the answer.

"'That's enough, sir,' says I—'that shows what she is; and, look ye here, sir, the John Harris is painted out now.'

"How can you be sure of that?' says the doctor.

"'Sure, sir,' says I, 'I sees the fresh paint.' I was always A 1 for long sight, so nobody said me nay.

"Well, the cap'n sends the two officers and the gunner in one boat, and me and a file of marines in another; but I was not to go aboard unless Mr. Wilkinshaw—that was the master's name—signaled to me to do so. However, sir, as we lay alongside in the boat, I was sure we was all right, for I could smell 'em, sir—smell 'em through the timbers as plain— Well, after they'd had some palaver with the skipper, Mr. Wilkinshaw he comes and beckons me up.

"'It's all right, Pembridge,' he whispers.

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I knows it. She's right full on 'em.'

"'Oh, I think not,' he says, looking quite surprised, 'the skipper shows his papers all right and fair. I don't think there's any in.'

"'Well, sir,' says I, 'I've got just upon four pounds in my locker, and I don't mind betting you that she's right full on 'em. Why, sir, put your nose down here—can't you smell 'em?'

"'No, Pembridge, I can't,' says he—'no more can the others. What reason have you for suspicion?'

"I felt terrible wild, but you see, sir, they was officers and I was man, and, you see, they'd been having a cigar with the skipper, and he'd been making hisself pleasant—and those young gents are easy got over. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'when we went aboard at Wydar she'd got a lot o' crew-boys—where are they now? Then she's got all her water-casks on deck. Why's that for, but to find room below?—and, most of all, sir, I smell 'em.'

"Well, the man I named Freeman was one mate, and he looked black enough at me, for he saw I knowed what I was after; and there was another mate named Thomas—a most hawful character he was, to be sure—the hoaths he used, when he saw me and the officers talkin' together, was tremendous—they Merrikins are terrible handy with hoaths, you know, sir.

"Well, Mr. Wilkinshaw he says something to the skipper about crew-boys—and says Freeman:

"'Here they lies safe enough'—and he lifts up a sail on deck and reg'lar showed 'em

to us—a heap of darkies all lying huddled together.

"There they are, sir," says I; "now you see 'em."

"Oh, no," says the gunner, "those are the crew-boys."

"Well, sir, it was no use; I felt we was done this time, so over we goes and rows back to our ship, and the officers goes up to the cap'n with their story. Well, the men was rare and wild—they as had been with me in the boat had told the rest what I thought, and they all begins a urging o' me to go up to the cap'n and tell him my suspicions."

"Quiet!" says I; "you let the cap'n alone—he'll send for me when he wants me."

"Sure enough, there was a hue and cry for me presently, and in I goes to the cap'n."

"Well, Pembroke," says he, "and what do you say now? It seems all right and straightforward."

"Say, sir," says I. "Why, she's full on 'em."

"Well," says he, and he looks terrible perplexed, "you're only a seaman, and these are officers. What's the reasons o' your suspicions, Pembroke?"

"Well, sir," says I, "I'm that sure that, with the cap'n's leave, I'll lay four pounds—and that's all I've got left in the world—agin any o' these gentl'm, that she's right full on 'em. I've three causes of suspicions. Why, sir, in the first place, didn't you notice, when you and me went aboard, or rather when you went aboard and I staid below, that she'd plenty of crew-boys?"

"Right well," says our skipper. "I've heard about that, and these gentlemen says the crew-boys was accounted for."

"Cap'n," says I, "in course I can't swear to knowin' them darkies one from another, but my belief is, them weren't crew-boys as we saw just now. Then, sir, she's got all her water-casks on deck full—not below, sir. Why's that for? Then, sir, you remember as well as I do that she had two anchors when you went aboard—now she's got but one. Why's that, sir? Because she saw us a-comin' in the dark, and she slipped her anchor to get off quicker. Why did she do that for?"

"The cap'n he was terrible perplexed; but, instead of going aboard hisself along o' me that same afternoon, he says, 'We'll go down to Ambrosette' (he knew there was a large Nova Scotia bark lying there, which must have seen all that had been going on, and he'd make inquiries). Now here, sir, was the folly. As it was, it was a dead calm. We could move along because of our steam, but she lay as dead as a log. But, thinks I to myself, as we steams off, 'If a breeze springs up in the night we sha'n't see no more of the John Harris.' By the time we gets down to Ambrosette it had got late, and the cap'n wouldn't let me go aboard the Nova Scotia bark. He said they would all be abed, and I must wait till daylight."

"It was an awful sort o' risk, as you know, sir, to lay alongside all night, and to feel if a breeze sprung up we hadn't the ghost of a chance left, for I knowed fast enough if once the John Harris got a fair start, the game was up."

"You may be sure I never slept a wink all night, and as soon as there was a glimmer of what might be called daylight down I goes to the cap'n, rouses him up, and gets his leave to go aboard. The cap'n said perhaps they might refuse to give informations, and in that case I was to overhaul their log-book, which, in course, as you knows, sir, they hadn't no right to refuse. Well, I goes aboard, sir, and there was no one up—only one seaman. I asked him if he'd seen the John Harris down at Ambrosette lately, and he said yes, till the evening afore yesterday; but when I comes to further questions he declines to hanswer, cos, you see, sir, the Dabomey people 'ud have nothink to do with them if so be as they gived informations. 'Well,' says I, 'can I see your log-book?' 'See it and welcome,' says he. And accordingly I looks, and I finds: 'Brigantine, name John Harris, had connection with twenty canoes.' 'All right,' thinks I; and perhaps I didn't get back quick to the Spitfire."

"All right, sir," I says to the cap'n; and back we steams tremendous fast, and after some time we catches sight on her. She'd moved a little, but the calm lay deadlier than ever."

"The cap'n he hails her again, and the skipper, I s'pose, he thinks as how it's all up now."

"It's no good, cap'n," says he; "you can come and take 'em. I've got five hundred for you."

"Now, the bo'sun and I had had a talk as we was steaming up from Ambrosette, and he said we should miss her after all, he was positive."

"Not a bit of it," says I. "I'll lay you a pound that we board her and take her by twelve o'clock."

"Done," says the bo'sun.

"The cap'n he tells us to man the pinace and the long boat, and all the rest of 'em to come with him to the ship."

"Well, as soon as we goes aboard, the skipper he turns sulky, and he says:

"I don't know what you mean by all this work. You came aboard yesterday, and no fault found. What the doose do you mean by poking here again? You have been a-taking hinfornations."

"No," says our cap'n, "but our suspicions is strong agin you, and I must open your hatches."

"Oh, if you'd seen the way the skipper stormed! And, as to that second mate, Thomas, he threatened to take my life if I staid aboard."

"You stop that," says I, for he swore terrible hard; his hoaths was tremenjious—I never hear sich hoaths."

"Look ye here," says he, with a string of 'em, "I've got somethink as will settle you easy."

"And he pulls out a six-barrel revolver."

"Now keep quiet," says I. "I'm not here to be threatened by you—two can play at that game" (I pulls out my revolver, for we're allowed to carry 'em, sir, on such-like duty), "and perhaps I shall get first chance."

"Just then the cap'n he beckons our carpenter up out of the boat. 'Bring up your axe,' he says; 'we'll soon have the hatches

open'—for they fastens 'em down as soon as they've the darkies safe aboard."

"I protest agin it," said the skipper."

"No need for that," whispers Freeman to me; "jest you draw them bolts."

"Lor' bless you, sir, the minute I drewed the bolts and upped with the hatches there they was, poor creaturs, all with their mouths hopen, like so many young birds, a-craivin' for hair, you know, sir. It's a terrible bad sight, sir, that sort o' thing—it cuts yer heart, it does."

"So the skipper he gives up then, and he says:

"Well, cap'n, didn't I say I'd got five hundred for you?"

"Well, I was for hauling down the flag, but the cap'n he says to me: 'You leave it alone; let 'em do it theirselves—we'll have it, presently.'"

"Would you believe it, sir?—they hauls it down on a sudden and rolls it up with a couple o' bolts in it and chucks it overboard, just to prevent our getting it!"

"The skipper he says presently, 'What are you going to do with me, cap'n?' says he."

"So the cap'n asked where he'd like to go to, and he says Sierra Leone—and they all says Sierra Leone."

"Well, we left some men in charge, and, when we gets back to our ship (I ought to tell you, sir, that the flag was hauled down a quarter before twelve, so I won my wager fairly), I says to our skipper:

"Cap'n," says I, "you'll excuse me for speaking, but are you going to leave the skipper and them two big fellows o' mates along, and only three of us? Why, sir, they'd circumvent us somehow, for they've got the doose's own cunning."

"You wait a bit," said the cap'n. So he gives me and Corporal Belt our instructions, and the rest of the men who was to go with us."

"As soon as Thomas sees me a-coming up the ship's side, he begins foaming at the mouth with fury, swearing the biggest of hoaths, and a-goin' on terrible."

"We are a-goin' to Sierra Leone," says he; "your skipper promised. What on airth are you come after?" And he begins at me again."

"Marines," says I, "jest point your muskets this way.—Now, Mr. Thomas," I says, "my cap'n he knew the sort of fellow you was, and he told you that to keep you quiet; and, look, if you're not quiet now, at once, we'll tie you neck and heels and set you adrift in one of those surf-boats."

"He was pretty quiet, then, I can tell you, and we searched him and found a revolver and some doubloons; the orders was to strip 'em of every think but their clothing and one doubloon each; but Mr. Wilkinshaw he was with us, and he says, 'Oh, give him back his money,' he says. They're terrible soft, sir, those youngish gentl'm, when they are soft. But directly we'd done with him we didn't give Thomas time to think—over he goes into one of the surf-boats, and so with Freeman, and with all the rest except the skipper and the darkies. Ah, poor creaturs, when we went down among 'em it was awful, they was penned as close as bees—

the men one side, the women t'other—and all of them as they was born, sir—women as well as men. There was a Spanish driver among 'em—a brute of a fellow—he'd got a great cowhide whip, and he'd been a-keepin' of 'em quiet with it while we was on deck the first time, for fear they should cry out. Well, sir, I looked about and I found there was some bales of calico below; you see, 'sir, they strips 'em when they send 'em aboard, 'case their clothes is all old King Dahomey's, and they takes these bales of calico to dress 'em up in before they lands 'em; so I whips out my knife, and I cuts off good-sized bits of the cloth, and I chucks 'em in among the women. Bless you! the poor souls, they wraps themselves up as quick as you could say 'knife,' and some of 'em dressed up their children in it, too. The men didn't seem to care much for it, but the women fell a-cryin'—I didn't know before there was so much human feelin' in them darkies.

"Well, sir, we got them all safe to Sierra Leone, except three, which died off. But bless you, sir, we took care of 'em; we had tubs of water on deck, and made all on 'em take a dip every morning, and we gave 'em plenty of food and fresh hair.

"Well, sir, the end of it was, the John Harris was given up to the proper authorities and sold, and my share out of that there job was forty-seven pounds and sixpence. But then, you see, sir, she'd led us a tremendous dance before we catched her."

"Thank you, Pembridge," I said; "that's a very interesting story."

"Well, sir, the best of it is, it happened so; there ain't a word of faction in it."

TIGER-HUNTING IN CENTRAL INDIA.*

III.

HOW the tiger marked down in the morning is to be hunted and killed at mid-day, when all life in the forest is still beneath the scorching heat of the sun, and the brute himself is least on his guard and most unwilling to move, will have been seen from previous descriptions. To read, the hunting of one tiger is like that of every other; but a different set of incidents marks each day's sport in the memory of the hunter, who pictures vividly the death of each long after the incidents of his sport with every other sort of game have faded away. The main features are the careful preliminary arrangements, the settling the direction of approach so as to cut off all roads of escape to inaccessible fastnesses, the posting of scouts to notify the possible retreat of the tiger, and the cautious, silent approach, the excitement gathering as the innermost recess of the cover, where the brute is expected to lie, is approached by the wonderfully intelligent and half-human elephant.

A strange affection springs up between the hunter and his well-tried ally in the chase of the tiger; and a creature seeming to those who see him only in the menagerie, or labor-

ing under a load of baggage, but a lumbering mass of flesh, becomes to him almost a second self, yielding to his service the perfection of physical and mental qualities of which a brute is capable, and displaying an intelligent interest in his sport of which no brute could be thought to be possessed. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the astonishing caution with which a well-trained elephant approaches a tiger—removing, with noiseless adroitness, every obstacle of fallen timber, etc., and passing his huge bulk over rustling leaves, or rolling stones, or quaking bog, with an absolute and marvelous silence; handing up stones when ordered for his master to fling into the cover; smelling out a cold scent as a spaniel roads a pheasant; and at last, perhaps, pointing dead with sensitive trunk at the hidden monster, or showing, with short, nervous raps of that organ on the ground, that he is somewhere near, though not actually discovered to the senses of the elephant. Then the unswerving steadiness when he sees the enemy he naturally dreads, and would flee from panic-stricken in his native haunts, perhaps charging headlong at his head, trusting all to the skill of his rider, and thoughtless of using his own tremendous strength in the encounter—for a good elephant never attempts to combat the tiger himself. To do so would generally be fatal to the sport, and perhaps to the sportsman, too; for no one could stick to an elephant engaged in a personal struggle with a tiger, far less use his gun under such circumstances. The elephant's business is to stand like a rock in every event, even when the tiger is fastened on his head—as many a good one will do and has done.

All elephants intended to be used in hunting tigers must be very carefully trained and entered to their game. A good mahout, or driver, is very difficult to obtain. They differ as much in their command over elephants as do riders of horses; and a plucky driver will generally make a stanch elephant, and *vice versa*. The elephant should first be accustomed to the firing of guns from his back, and to seeing deer and other harmless animals shot before him in company with a stanch companion. He must not be forced in at a tiger, or at a hog or bear, which he detests even more, until he has acquired some confidence, though in some few cases he will stand to any animal from the very first. When they have seen a few tigers seatly disposed of, most elephants acquire confidence in their human allies, and become sufficiently steady in the field; but their ultimate qualities will depend much on natural temperament. The more naturally courageous an elephant is, the better chance there is of his remaining stanch after having been actually mauled by a tiger—an accident to be avoided, of course, as long as possible. It will occur sometimes, however, in the best hands; and then a naturally timid animal, who has only been made stanch by a long course of immunity from injury, will probably be spoiled for life, while a really plucky elephant is often rendered bolder than before by such an occurrence.

I spent nearly a week of this time in the destruction of a famous man-eater, which

had completely closed several roads, and was estimated to have devoured over a hundred human beings! One of these roads was the main outlet from the Bétul teak-forests toward the railway then under construction in the Narbadá Valley; and the work of the sleeper-contractors was completely at a standstill owing to the ravages of this brute. He occupied regularly a large triangle of country between the rivers Mórán and Ganjá; occasionally making a tour of destruction much farther to the east and west; and striking terror into a breadth of not less than thirty to forty miles. It was therefore supposed that the devastation was caused by more than one animal; and we thought we had disposed of one of these early in April, when we killed a very cunning old tiger of evil repute after several days' severe hunting. But I am now certain that the brute I destroyed subsequently was the real malefactor even there, as killing again commenced after we had left, and all loss to human life did not cease till the day I finally disposed of him.

He had not been heard of for a week or two when I came into his country, and pitched my camp in a splendid mango-grove near the large village of Lokartale, on the Mórán River. Here I was again laid up through over-using my sprained tendon; but a better place in which to pass the long, hot days of forced inactivity could not have been found. The bare, brown country outside was entirely shut out by the long, drooping branches of the huge mango-trees, interlaced overhead in a grateful canopy, and loaded with the half-ripe fruit pendent on their long, tendril-like stalks; while beneath them short glimpses were seen of the bright, clear waters of the Mórán stealing over their pebbly bed. The green mangoes, cooked in a variety of ways, furnished a grateful and cooling addition to the table; and the whole grove was alive with a vast variety of bird and insect life, in the observation of which many an hour, that would otherwise have flown slowly by, was passed.

A few days of a lazy existence in this microcosm of a grove passed not unpleasantly after a spell of hard work in the pitiless hot blasts outside; but, when the lálá brought in news of families of tigers waiting to be hunted in the surrounding river-beds, I began to chafe; and when I heard from a neighboring police-post that the man-eater had again appeared, and had killed a man and a boy on the high-road about ten miles from my camp, I could stand it no longer. I had been douching my leg with cold water, but now resorted to stronger measures, giving it a coating of James's horse-blister, which caused, of course, severe pain for a few days, but at the end of them resulted, to my great delight, in a complete and permanent cure. In the mean time, while I was still raw and sore, I was regaled with stories of the man-eater—of his fearful size and appearance, with belly pendent to the ground, and white moon on the top of his forehead; his pork-butcher-like method of detaining a party of travelers while he rolled himself in the sand, and at last came up and inspected them all round, selecting the fattest; his power of transforming himself into an inno-

* Continued from JOURNAL of October 2, 1875.

cent-looking wood-cutter, and calling or whistling through the woods till an unsuspecting victim approached; how the spirits of all his victims rode with him on his head, warning him of every danger, and guiding him to the fatal ambush where a traveler would shortly pass. All the best shikáris of the countryside were collected in my camp; and the landholders and many of the people besieged my tent morning and evening. The infant of a woman who had been carried away while drawing water at a well was brought and held up before me; and every offer of assistance in destroying the monster was made. No useful help was, however, to be expected from a terror-stricken population like this. They lived in barricaded houses; and only stirred out when necessity compelled in large bodies, covered by armed men, and beating drums and shouting as they passed along the roads. Many villages had been utterly deserted; and the country was evidently being slowly depopulated by this single animal. So far as I could learn, he had been killing alone for about a year—another tiger who had formerly assisted him in his fell occupation having been shot the previous hot weather.

As soon as I could ride in the howdah, and long before I could do more than hobble on foot, I marched to a place called Chárhérá, where the last kill had been reported. My usually straggling following was now compressed into a close body, preceded and followed by the baggage-elephants, and protected by a guard of police with muskets, peons with my spare guns, and a whole *posse* of matchlocked shikáris. Two deserted villages were passed on the road, and heaps of stones at intervals showed where a traveler had been struck down. A better hunting-ground for a man-eater certainly could not be. Thick, scrubby teak-jungle closed in the road on both sides; and alongside of it for a great part of the way wound a narrow, deep water-course, overshadowed by thick jáman-bushes, and with here and there a small pool of water still left. I hunted along this nála the whole way, and found many old tracks of a very large male tiger,* which the shikáris declared to be the man-eater. There were none more recent, however, than several days. Chárhérá was also deserted on account of the tiger, and there was no shade to speak of; but it was the most central place within reach of the usual haunts of the brute, so I encamped here, and sent the baggage-elephants back to fetch provisions. In the evening I was startled by a messenger from a place called Lé, on the Móran River, nearly in the direction I had come from, who said that one of a party of pilgrims who had been traveling unsuspectingly by a jungle-road had been carried off by the tiger close to that place. Early next morning I started off with two elephants, and arrived at the spot about eight o'clock. The man had been struck down where a small ravine leading down to the Móran crosses a lonely pathway a few miles east of Lé. The shoulder-stick, with

its pendent baskets, in which the holy-water from his place of pilgrimage had been carried by the hapless man, were lying on the ground in a dried-up pool of blood, and shreds of his clothes adhered to the bushes where he had been dragged down into the bed of the nála. We tracked the man-eater and his prey into a very thick grass-cover, alive with spotted deer, where he had broken up and devoured the greater part of the body. Some bones and shreds of flesh, and the skull, hands, and feet, were all that remained. This tiger never returned to his victim a second time, so it was useless to found any scheme for killing him on that expectation. We took up his tracks from the body, and carried them patiently down through very dense jungle to the banks of the Móran, the trackers working in fear and trembling under the trunk of my elephant, and covered by my rifle at full cock. At the river the tracks went out to a long spit of sand that projected into the water, where the tiger had drunk, and then returned to a great mass of piled-up rocks at the bottom of a precipitous bank, full of caverns and recesses. This we searched with stones and some fireworks I had in the howdah, but put out nothing but a scraggy hyena, which was, of course, allowed to escape. We searched about all day here in vain, and it was not till nearly sunset that I turned and made for camp.

It was almost dusk, when we were a few miles from home, passing along the road we had marched by the former day, and the same by which we had come out in the morning, when one of the men who was walking behind the elephant started and called a halt. He had seen the footprint of a tiger. The elephant's tread had partly obliterated it; but farther on, where we had not yet gone, it was found plain enough—the great, square pug of the man-eater we had been looking for all day! He was on before us, and must have passed since we came out in the morning, for his track had covered that of the elephants as they came. It was too late to hope to find him that evening; and we could only proceed slowly along on the track, which held to the pathway, keeping a bright lookout. The lálá indeed proposed that he should go a little ahead as a bait for the tiger, while I covered him from the elephant with a rifle! But he wound up by expressing a doubt whether his skinny corporation would be a sufficient attraction; and suggested that a plump young policeman, who had taken advantage of our protection to make his official visit to the scene of the last kill, should be substituted—whereat there was a general but not very hearty grin. The subject was too sore a one in that neighborhood just then. About a mile from the camp the track turned off into the deep nála that bordered the road. It was now almost dark, so we went on to the camp, and fortified it by posting the three elephants on different sides, and lighting roaring fires between. Once in the night an elephant started out of its deep sleep and trumpeted shrilly; but in the morning we could find no tracks of the tiger having come near us. I went out early next morning to beat up the nála; for a man-eater is not like common tigers, and must be sought

for morning, noon, and night. But I found no tracks, save in the one place where he had crossed the nála the evening before, and gone off into thick jungle.

On my return to camp, just as I was sitting down to breakfast, some Banjárás from a place called Dékná—about a mile and a half from camp—came running in to say that one of their companions had been taken out of the middle of their drove of bullocks by the tiger, just as they were starting from their night's encampment. The elephant had not been unharnessed; and, securing some food and a bottle of claret, I was not two minutes in getting under way again. The edge of a low savanna, covered with long grass and intersected by a nála, was the scene of this last assassination; and a broad trail of crushed-down grass showed where the body had been dragged down toward the nála. No tracking was required. It was horribly plain. The trail did not lead quite into the nála, which had steep sides, but turned and went alongside of it into some very long grass reaching nearly up to the howdah. Here Sarjú Parshád (a large government mukna I was then riding) kicked violently at the ground and trumpeted, and immediately the long grass began to wave ahead. We pushed on at full speed, stepping, as we went, over the ghastly, half-eaten body of the Banjárá. But the cover was dreadfully thick; and, though I caught a glimpse of a yellow object as it jumped down into the nála, it was not in time to fire. It was some little time before we could get the elephant down the bank and follow the broad, plain footprints of the monster, now evidently going at a swinging trot. He kept on in the nála for about a mile, and then took to the grass again; but it was not so long here, and we could still make out the trail from the howdah. Presently, however, it led into rough, stony ground, and the tracking became more difficult. He was evidently full of go, and would carry us far; so I sent back for some more trackers, and with orders to send a small tent across to a hamlet on the banks of the Ganjá, toward which he seemed to be making. All that day we followed the trail through an exceedingly difficult country, patiently working out print by print, but without being gratified by a sight of his brindled hide. Several of the local shikáris were admirable trackers; and we carried the line down within about a mile of the river, where a dense, thorny cover began, through which no one could follow a tiger.

We slept that night at the little village, and early next morning made a long cast ahead, proceeding at once to the river, where we soon hit upon the track leading straight down its sandy bed. There were some strong covers reported in the river-bed some miles ahead, near the large village of Bhádúgabi, so I sent back to order the tent over there. The track was crossed in this river by several others, but was easily distinguishable from all by its superior size. It had also a peculiar drag of the toe of one hind-foot, which the people knew, and attributed to a wound he had received some months before from a shikári's matchlock. There was thus no doubt we were behind the man-eater; and

* A little practice suffices to distinguish the tracks of tigers of different ages and sexes. The old male has a much squarer track, so to speak, than the female, which leaves a more oval footprint.

I determined to follow him while I could hold out and we could keep the track. It led right into a very dense cover of jaman and tamarisk, in the bed and on the banks of the river, a few miles above Bhádúgaon. Having been hard pushed the previous day, we hoped he might lie up here; and, indeed, there was no other place he could well go to for water and shade. So we circled round the outside of the cover, and, finding no track leading out, considered him fairly ringed. We then went over to the village for breakfast, intending to return in the heat of the day.

About eleven o'clock we again faced the scorching hot wind, and made silently for the cover where lay the man-eater. I surrounded it with scouts on trees, and posted a pad-elephant at the only point where he could easily get up the high bank and make off, and then pushed old Sarjú slowly and carefully through the cover. Peafowl rose in numbers from every bush as we advanced; and a few hares and other small animals bolted out at the edges—such thick, green covers being the mid-day resort of all the life of the neighborhood in the hot weather. About the centre the jungle was extremely thick, and the bottom was cut up into a number of parallel water-channels among the strong roots and overhanging branches of the tamarisk. Here the elephant paused and began to kick the earth, and utter the low, tremulous sound by which some elephants denote the close presence of a tiger. We peered all about with nervous beatings of the heart, and at last the mahout, who was lower down on the elephant's neck, said he saw him lying beneath a thick jaman-bush. We had some stones in the howdah, and I made the lallá, who was behind me in the back-seat, pitch one into the bush. Instantly the tiger started up with a short roar, and galloped off through the bushes. I gave him right and left at once, which told loudly; but he went till he saw the pad-elephant blocking the road he meant to escape by, and then he turned and charged back at me with horrible roars. It was very difficult to see him among the crashing bushes, and he was within twenty yards when I fired again. This dropped him into one of the channels, but he picked himself up, and came on again as savagely as though more slowly than before. I was now in the act of covering him with a large-shell rifle, when suddenly the elephant spun round, and I found myself looking the opposite way, while a worrying sound behind me, and the frantic movements of the elephant, told me I had a fellow-passenger on board I might well have dispensed with. All I could do in the way of holding on barely sufficed to prevent myself and guns from being pitched out; and it was some time before Sarjú, finding he could not kick him off, paused to think what he would do next. I seized that placid interval to lean over behind and put the muzzle of the rifle to the head of the tiger—blowing it into fifty pieces with the large shell. He dropped like a sack of potatoes, and then I saw the dastardly mahout urging the elephant to run out of the cover. An application of my gun-stock to his head, however, reversed the engine; and

Sarjú, coming round with the utmost willingness, trumpeted a shrill note of defiance, and, rushing upon his prostrate foe, commenced a war-dance on his body that made it little less difficult to stick to him than when the tiger was being kicked off. It consisted, I believe, of kicking up the carcass with a hind-leg, catching it in the hollow of the fore, and so tossing it backward and forward among his feet—winding up by placing his huge fore-foot on the body and crossing the other over it, so as to press it into the sand with his whole weight. I found afterward that the elephant-boy, whose business it is to stand behind the howdah, and, if necessary, keep the elephant straight in a charge by applying a thick stick over his rump, had had a narrow escape in this adventure, having dropped off in his fright almost into the jaws of the tiger. The tiger made straight for the elephant, however, as is almost invariably the case, and the boy picked himself up and fled to the protection of the other elephant.

Sarjú was not a perfect shikári elephant; but his fault was rather too much courage than the reverse, and it was only his miserable opium-eating villain of a mahout that made him turn at the critical moment. He was much out about the quarters; but I took him out close to the tents two days after and killed two more tigers without his flinching in the least. The tiger we had thus killed was undoubtedly the man-eater. He was exactly ten feet long, in the prime of life, with the dull-yellow coat of the adult male—not in the least mangy or toothless like the man-eater of story. He had no moon on his head, nor did his belly nearly touch the ground. I afterward found that these characteristics are attributed to all man-eaters by the credulous people.

IS THE WORLD OVERCROWDED?

NEARLY eighty years ago the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, a quiet English clergyman, student, and traveler, put forth a little pamphlet which so startled the world that very many people have not even yet fully recovered from their fright. The reverend gentleman had, it seems, no thought of playing the rôle of sensation-monger; he had no wish to frighten people unnecessarily, or to attract attention to his book or to himself by factitious means. He thought he had discovered an impending danger, of which the public was wholly unsuspecting; and, with no other object than that of warning his countrymen while there was yet time, he stated his fears, and the facts and calculations upon which they rested. At a somewhat earlier date, Hume, the historian, had subjected a good many of the stories we receive as ancient history to a novel test, for the sake of ascertaining to what extent they were worthy of the credence commonly given them. His habit of mind was skeptical in the extreme, and, in view of the universal tendency of man to exaggerate numbers, in the absence of exact data, he was disposed to doubt

the stories of vast hordes of men who lived in particular places, moved from one given point to another, peopled certain districts, or assembled at the call of their chieftains in enormous armies. He suspected, as every school-boy does, that the numbers given were in part a growth of the imagination; that the traditions from which the first chroniclers got their figures had previously passed through a good many careless hands; and that, by a process of accretion similar to that which every dweller in a village has opportunity to see in operation to this day, they had greatly increased in their proportions. In the absence of any thing like an authoritative enumeration, Hume resorted to arithmetic for a means of testing the truth of all these stories. It was clear enough that the men constituting the hordes spoken of in ancient history must have got food from some source, and, as he could calculate with approximate accuracy the aggregate amount of food within their reach, it was an easy task to show that many of the stories which historians had accepted without question were greatly exaggerated or wholly false.

This application of arithmetic to the relations existing between population and food-supply seems to have suggested the investigations upon which Malthus founded his philosophy. Briefly stated, his idea was this, that population naturally increases in a geometrical ratio, while production can only increase in arithmetical progression. If there be ten persons living upon a certain tract of land which produces, say, one hundred bushels of grain annually, in thirty years the ten will have doubled, becoming twenty; thirty years later their numbers will have doubled again, and in ninety years the ten will have become eighty; one hundred and twenty years will see them increased to one hundred and sixty persons. Now, during the first thirty years it might be possible to double the productiveness of their land, but it would be quite impossible to double it again and again every thirty years, making their yearly hundred bushels of grain two hundred at the end of thirty years, four hundred at sixty, eight hundred at ninety, and sixteen hundred at the end of one hundred and twenty years. What is true, in this regard, of one acre or ten, must ultimately be true, he argued, of the whole earth; and his conclusion was that, unless restraint could be placed upon marriage, England was doomed speedily to become a nation of paupers, and that the whole world must in time share a like fate.

The evil times predicted by this theorist have not yet fallen upon England—a fact which his followers of to-day explain by saying that he failed to give full value to the factor commerce in working out his problem; but, while this has served and serves to postpone the worst, there are people in plenty who still think the world overcrowded, and who hold that this overcrowding is the sufficient cause of much of the crime and misery with which mankind is afflicted. That they honestly believe this is clear, and it is no less manifest that the social doctrines they build upon this belief seem to them logical results of the premises. Like Malthus, they advocate the checking of population merely be-

cause they think its unrestrained increase a source of dire evil in the present, and a frightful menace for the future. In drawing their conclusions, as it seems to me, these modern Malthusians lose sight of some factors quite as important as the one commerce which the founder of their philosophy forgot; and it is to suggest some of these that the present paper is written.

Unluckily the utterances upon this subject are usually incidental to other things, and consequently so indirect that it is somewhat difficult to cite them for purposes of discussion. In a recent magazine-article,* however, I find a tolerably direct statement of the modern Malthusian creed, from which I quote the following passage. The *italics* are my own, and are used merely to indicate the especial points to which the attention of the reader is invited:

"The panaceas that various enthusiasts offer us—liberty, universal suffrage, free schools, free churches, the rights of labor, the religion of humanity—these things cannot vanquish hunger and disease, nor the vice and ignorance that must always accompany them. How blankly the men of action overlook their main cause—namely, the overcrowding of almost all communities, whether densely or thinly peopled, the presence of too many mouths for the food! The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is also its pressure upon the means of health, intelligence, and decency; and yet the last word of most of our social reformers is, 'Increase and multiply.' In the Apocrypha is a passage much more to the purpose—a passage which might have given us a better world than the present, had it held its place as scripture: 'Though they multiply, rejoice not in them; . . . trust not them in their life, neither respect their multitude, for one that is just is better than a thousand. . . . By one that hath understanding shall the city be replenished.' . . . Is not this the key of the whole question of reform—how to improve the quality and how to limit the number of the human beings that are born into each civilized community?"

Now, all this would seem to mean that, to improve the quality of the people born into the world, we must in some way limit their number; that the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is in itself an evil to be avoided by wise statesmanship or wise philosophy in the interest of the human race; that, if we have not fallen upon the evil times foreseen of Malthus, we are approaching them, and meantime are suffering most of our ills in consequence of present over-population. The plausibility of the theory is apparent, but the view taken seems to me a very superficial one, in which some important matters are wholly overlooked.

That the world is crowded may be admitted, and it may not follow that it is overcrowded, or that the crowding is an evil. On the contrary, I think it may be shown that the pressure complained of is a source of good—not unmixed, of course, but good, nevertheless, and that the good greatly outweighs the evil.

To begin at the beginning, it is admitted that the theory of Malthus is abstractly correct; that population must ultimately press closely upon the means of subsistence, if there be nothing to prevent; but so, too, would a good many other dire evils befall us if there were nothing to prevent. The fact is, that the actual increase of population falls far short of the possible increase, and it is probable that this has nearly always been the case. It is true also, as every observer knows, that the natural growth of population in densely-peopled districts is always less rapid than in those in which the land is not fully occupied. In short, experience teaches unmistakably the existence of certain occult but active natural laws which operate to prevent the over-peopling of populous districts. Again, whatever speculations we may indulge in on the subject, it is an undeniable fact that thus far in the world's history production has actually gained upon population. A careful study of the history of famines shows that we have grown away from the danger of starvation rather than toward it; that the supply of available food at the world's command is relatively greater now than at any earlier period. (See Greg's "Enigmas of Life.")

All these things have been urged by political economists in answer to Malthus, and they should serve, certainly, to quiet all apprehensions of immediate danger from over-population; but the main point made by modern Malthusians is not so much that we are in danger of general pauperism as that the actual, present pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is a deplorable evil and the prime cause of nearly all our ills; and that to reform the world and improve the race we must impose some checks other than those provided by Nature and circumstances upon the multiplication of men. And, while at the first glance there appears to be some reason to think views of this kind sound, their correctness, I am persuaded, may be successfully questioned.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in an invaluable work,* devotes an entire chapter to a discussion of "the uses of conflict" in the development of nations, and we may properly borrow his phrase here, urging the manifest uses of conflict in the development and improvement of mankind, as one reason, at least, for thinking the crowded state of the world not altogether an evil. It is said that the banana is the curse of the tropics, for the reason that it affords food almost without labor, and, whether or not the love of ease, the tendency to idleness, be an inborn and universal human trait, it is certainly a common one enough to justify the assertion that, without necessity, a large part of the human race would do no work at all. It is only the necessity of working in order to get food which makes men industrious, active, busy beings; and it is only the crowding complained of by our Malthusians which imposes this necessity upon mankind.

* "Physics and Politics; or, Thoughts on the Application of the Principles of 'Natural Selection' and 'Inheritance' to Political Society. By Walter Bagehot, Esq., Author of 'The English Constitution.'" New York: D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

The lazy half-breed of the tropics, as he lies in the shade of his banana-plant, dreams doubtless of a better state, in which many of his cravings now unsatisfied might be filled, but he makes no effort for the attainment of such a state, so long as the plantain which shades him furnishes him also with food enough. Can there be doubt that he would lead a more active, a more useful, a better life if the food were less abundantly supplied or more difficult to get? The North American Indian had no tree or bush from which to pluck unearned food; he could not lie idle all day without lying empty as well. But he found in the spoil of forest, and lake, and river, a sufficient means of subsistence, and, availing himself of food so easily secured, he made no effort to improve his condition. There was for him no pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, and, while his life was, perforce, more active than it would have been if he might have found a food-supply on every bush and tree, his activity was strictly bounded by the necessity imposed upon him. He hunted because he must, but did no other work, because no other was necessary to the maintenance of life. And this would seem to be the case always. Throughout the history of the human race, if we make due allowance for inherited habit here and there, we shall find the rule a general one that men work only of necessity, and that their necessities constitute always a pretty accurate measure of their industry.

Now, work is the universal condition of improvement and progress. It is only in earnest work that men develop their best qualities of mind and body. Intelligence, quickness of perception, intellectual activity, shrewdness, determination, "grit"—all these greatly aid their possessor in an active and necessary struggle for the means of subsistence, and so the necessity of active struggling imposed upon men by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence tends directly and inevitably to develop them. And of more strictly moral qualities the same thing is equally true. "Honesty is the best policy," and men learn to be honest, or, rather, they learn the moral quality of honesty from its usefulness in the struggle. Patience, temperance, cleanliness—all the virtues, in short—are found to aid very actively in the sharp conflict which the pressure of population imposes upon most men; and so we say the conflict is good for man, and the pressure bewailed by the Malthusians is the great motive power of all progress and all improvement. Not only is it not true that we must limit the increase of population by artificial means for the sake of improving the quality of the race, but, on the contrary, the highest improvement in quality can come only through the very crowding which, we are told, stands in its way. Work, attrition, conflict, these are brought about only by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, and these are the essential conditions of improvement. It is safe to say that no idle, indolent race—no race whose energies have not been sharply taxed in a struggle of one kind or other—ever yet made an advance worth recording, in *physique*, intellect, or morals. Indeed, we may go further

* "Zealot and Student," by Titus Munson Coan, in the *Galaxy* for August, 1875.

and say, without fear of contradiction, that no race has ever made satisfactory progress during a prolonged period of repose from its life-struggle. All history shows us decay under the gilding of luxurious idleness, whenever any nation, having won wealth or greatness of any sort, has rested for a time content. In a fierce struggle for existence, and in that only, men train their faculties to the highest activity of which they are capable, developing much strength that was latent, and creating much which, but for the necessity of its use, would have remained forever non-existent.

This is the lesson history everywhere teaches; but we need not go to history to learn it. Every-day life exemplifies the truth in question in a thousand ways. The ablest lawyers are not found in country villages; our most eminent physicians are bred in cities; great bankers and financiers do not grow in the rural districts, but in Wall or Lombard Street. In the great cities all these men must struggle hard to maintain themselves, and desperately to achieve eminence; and in the struggle they develop qualities which could never otherwise have been theirs. And what is true of them is true, in varying degree, of all of us. Each of us owes much to the sharp elbowing he has encountered on life's roadway. Our faculties are sharpened, and our whole being strengthened, by conflict and struggle. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says one proverb, and another adage teaches that competition is the soul of trade. What are these but homely phrasings of the teachings of daily experience in this matter?

Nothing could be easier than to illustrate this point in a hundred ways by facts cited from history and universal experience, if such illustration were in any way necessary. It seems enough, however, to state so patent a fact that, so far from interfering with the progress of human development, the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence not only actively aids, but is itself at once the prime cause and chief agent in all that we rightly call progress.

But this is by no means all, if, indeed, it be half. The positive and visible effects of the struggle imposed upon man by the tendency of his fellows to crowd him constitute, in truth, only the smaller part of the good derived from the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. The world is pretty full, at least in its older parts, but it is filled chiefly with inferior people. That is to say, the race, as it exists to-day, is not the race it ought to be and might be. It has improved greatly in the past, and is improving still, but it is certainly not yet in a condition of ideal excellence, and it would seem to need for its satisfactory advancement some more potent agency even than the direct influences to which reference has been made. To my thought we have this needed agent of race-improvement in the operation of the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence in the way of development by natural selection. Whatever differences of opinion there may be regarding the origin of species and the descent of man, no thinking person now doubts that the Darwinian theory, as applied

to the improvement of species already existing, is true. We see around us every day the effects of the struggle for existence, and we know that in the end the fittest survive, while the unfit fall silently out of the ranks. In view of this fact, are not they who urge the limiting of population as the shortest cut to race-improvement shutting their eyes to the fundamental truth of modern science?

The crowding of which they complain would seem to be the essential condition of improvement by selection. But for the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, there would be no struggle for existence, and hence no measuring of strength between the fit and the unfit, and no process of selection and elimination. A rude husbandry answers the ends of the frontiersman, and so, as a rule, the frontiersman contents himself with a scratching of the ground, which he calls agriculture. But, when population grows dense about him, and land costly, he is forced to choose between improvement and failure; and, if there be no new frontier to which he may emigrate, he must either become a better tiller of the ground or suffer starvation; he must fit himself for the struggle or fail in it. And so it is in all things. A less crowded world must of necessity be a less intelligent, a less thrifty, a less worthy world. The crowding alone puts a premium upon intelligence, and thrift, and sobriety, and honesty, and all those virtues which help to make the human race wiser and better. Even culture, the refined and refining cultivation of intellect and soul, the value of which is commonly thought to be other than a pecuniary one, needs a crowded world for its development. What artist, what poet, what idealist of any sort, could find either support for his body or the appreciation which is his soul's necessary food, among the rude folk of an uncrowded world? Until men's intellects are sharpened by struggle, until the processes of selection and inheritance have converted the rude into a refined race, there is no place for the man of culture among them. He has only pearls to give, and they are swine.

May we not safely trust Nature here as everywhere, and refrain from ignorant intermeddling with her work? Free schools, free churches, free libraries, and the like, these, I grant, are not able to "vanquish hunger and disease," or "the vice and ignorance that must always accompany them." But are untilled acres likely to be more efficacious? Will the tramp cease to beg and plunder when a limitation of population shall have made bread-winning easier to the industrious? Free schools feed nobody; free libraries are powerless to appease hunger. But free schools and free libraries and all the other good gifts of civilization so contemptuously dismissed by the Malthusian magazinist do help worthy men and women to develop their own faculties and to become fitter than they were for the struggle in which bread is won.

Let us see how the case stands. On the one hand, the Malthusian philosopher finds by a process of *a priori* reasoning that population must naturally increase more rapidly than production, and he cries out: "Check

population by statutory enactment. Impose restrictions upon marriage. Do this, or accept universal pauperism as the necessary and speedy consequence." Going further, he finds that already population seems to press hardly upon the means of subsistence. He finds, too, that the race, as it exists to-day, greatly needs improvement in quality—and, jumping at a conclusion, tells us that the world is already over-peopled; that crime, and vice, and ignorance, and disease, and dirt, are the actual and present results of over-population; and that to be rid of them we must limit the number and improve the quality of the people born into the world.

All this seems very alarming at first, but, upon examining the facts a little more closely, we find here, as everywhere, that Nature has made no mistake. The calculation with which Malthus sat out was correct enough, except that it represented not facts, but apparent possibilities. The possible number of children in a family is more than twenty; the actual number, upon an average, is about one-fourth that. The increase of population, at its seemingly possible rate, would long ago have filled the world to overflowing; the actual increase has done nothing of the kind, and, instead of general pauperism, we have to-day a relatively greater food-supply than ever before. Moreover, we find by experience that Nature has herself set a brake upon the increase of numbers, which promises to be sufficient for all needs. We see that for some unexplained reason the average number of children per family is smaller as a rule in densely than in thinly peopled districts; that as the room for more men and women grows smaller, fewer men and women are born into the world. Against the danger feared by Malthus, Nature seems already to have provided sufficiently, without asking the assistance of our modern legislatures.

As to the evils pointed out by later philosophers of this school, it would seem that they are mistakenly attributed to over-population. That the world is crowded, is true enough, but, as we have already seen, the crowding is a source of good rather than of ill, and the very condition of things which the Malthusians of the magazines would do away with, for the sake of improving the race, is the condition precedent to improvement.

The structure they would hew down as an obstruction is in fact the ladder by which alone we may climb to a higher and better state.

The crowding they lament forces us to struggle, and the struggling is good for us and for our posterity. The pressure of population upon the means of subsistence compels us to win, by intelligence and activity, the food that might otherwise drop into our mouths, and so it serves to make active, earnest men of us. Better still, it gives full play to the process of selection, setting a premium upon every good quality of mind or body, and perpetuating it by inheritance; winnowing the race, and improving it from year to year by casting out the unworthy and raising the worthy to prosperity and power.

True, the Malthusian cannot always measure the improvement with his foot-rule. He

finds ignorance and vice, crime, dirt, and misery, to-day as yesterday, and asks where the improvement is, forgetting, or not choosing to remember, that development is a slow process—as all Nature's processes are—and that race advancement is not always measurable. Without doubt, mankind has advanced and improved since mediæval times, when war was thought to be the only business worthy a gentleman; when superstition darkened the brightest intellects; when London was without a sewer or a street-cleaning fund; when footpads infested the highways to the metropolis; when the plague depopulated cities without suggesting cleanliness as a prophylactic; in short, when ignorance and vice, and dirt and disease, were the part of the higher as they are now the inheritance of only the lower classes of society. Our present time is a better one than that, and who shall say precisely when it became better? Who shall draw the line between that time and this, and tell us where the one left off and the other began?

Progress has been slow, perhaps, but in the main it has been constant, and so it must be hereafter. We may not be able to show wherein to-day is better than yesterday, or to lay finger upon a definite advance achieved, during the current month or year; but if, as I have suggested rather than shown, there be natural laws in constant operation to produce improvement in the race; if, as I hold, the crowding, which our Malthusian magicians complain of as overcrowding, be only the necessary condition of a wholesome struggle for existence, in which the fittest is to survive and perpetuate itself, and in which every good quality and every valuable attainment is found to aid its possessor in the struggle for existence, while every vice impedes and hampers him; if these be the facts in the case, we know certainly that progress is constantly making, even though we discover it not, and that the race is steadily improving now as it has done hitherto.

That vice and disease and dirt and crime exist among us to an alarming extent, we know perfectly; that no patent device for their cure or suppression exists either in free schools, universal suffrage, or in any other thing whatever, must be admitted; that they are sometimes increased by the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, I do not doubt; but that their cure lies in removing the pressure, I stoutly deny. While here and there one man or woman is made vicious by want, the great mass of mankind is made more industrious, sober, thrifty, and intelligent, by the crowding which produces individual distress, and on the whole, as I say, this good outweighs that ill.

We shall probably never be rid of crime or misery while the world lasts, and we may as well look this probability in the face. The question for us is, how to reduce the misery and the crime to a minimum, and how to secure the constant improvement of men in general. If, as I suppose, the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is the chief agent for the accomplishment of this, we shall blunder outrageously when we destroy its constant efficiency for good because of its occasional capacity to work ill.

Railroads kill people sometimes; schools tempt frail youth to over-study; even churches tumble about the heads of worshipers now and then; but shall we condemn railways and schools and churches because of the ill they do upon occasion, or shall we rather cherish them because of the greater good they work, guarding as well as we may against the possible evil? This is the logic of all life, and it should restrain us from ignorant and mischievous intermeddling, by statutory enactment or otherwise, with processes of Nature which at best we can only imperfectly understand. Let us, by all means, do what we can to alleviate suffering, prevent and cure disease, wean away from vice and stamp out crime; but let us not destroy the agency which is lifting the great mass of men to a higher level, merely because its operations sometimes produce a contrary effect upon single individuals.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

THE WIDOW'S COMFORT.

GREEN is the grass upon the hill,
The field-flower blossoms by the way;
While restless music of the rill
And birds perfects the summer-day.
But the yellow cottage
Over the wall
Is brighter than all!
For the child looks up in his mother's face
And giveth splendor to the place,
As he saith, for her widow's comfort:
"Mother, I've a plan,
That when I'm a man,
I'll dwell in goodly company,
And you shall be a lady."

Paler the green upon the hill,
The wild-flower faileth by the way;
While minor voices of wood and rill
Sing dirges for the summer day.
But the yellow cottage,
Where the sick boy lies,
Is like paradise;
For he looketh last in his mother's face,
And light liveth in all the place,
As he saith, for her widow's comfort:
"Mother, you'll come to me
Wherever I be,
Amid the goodly company,
And you shall be a lady."

All brown and barren is the hill,
The last leaf fallen by the way;
The winds have come, haunting and chill,
And Winter weaves his threads of gray.
But the village church-yard
Over the wall
Is sadder than all;
For the townfolk look in the mother's face,
As they gather about the burial-place,
And say, for her widow's comfort:
"God give it that we may be
With thy dear boy and thee,
Amid the goodly company,
And you shall be our lady!"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN view of what we said last week in regard to governments and the limitation of their functions, it may interest the reader to glance for a few moments at some of the things that achieve great success without the aid of the state. We have several times, in discussing this subject, referred to the voluntary church system of America, but have overlooked an equally favorable example in our Sunday-schools. We have no statistics at hand of the attendance at these schools, but everybody knows what an immense social force they have become. Every church has a school attached to it, and in every community there is a large body of men and women zealously laboring through these instrumentalities for the religious culture of children. Missionaries go out into the streets and lanes with the hope of persuading stray waifs into the folds; and our most eloquent and learned clergymen look upon the Sunday-school as worthy of their best skill and effort in the promotion of the end to which their lives are dedicated. A great literature has grown up in connection with Sunday-schools. Many journals are published in their interest, and the books published for the libraries attached to them are legion. No state church in the world even approaches in this particular to the free church of America. Assuredly, if voluntary effort can do so much for religious education, it is entirely equal to the requirements of scientific education.

Much younger in their organization, but scarcely less prosperous, or extensive in their influence, are the Young Men's Christian Associations. In these institutions we see bodies of young men drawn together by no other design than the furtherance of the cause of religion, who have erected all over the country spacious structures, formed libraries and reading-rooms, organized systems of lectures, extended help and instruction to the needy and the ignorant, and set before all the world examples of Christian zeal. And all that they have done has been accomplished wholly by voluntary energy and by voluntary subscriptions. The state has never been called upon to aid the great purpose of these young men, and the state has never interposed to mar or obstruct it. Similar faith and zeal in behalf of other great interests—for science, for the arts, for literature—would meet with no less success.

The Masons and the Odd-Fellows afford two other instances of the immense results of well-directed voluntary effort. In these institutions there is not only benevolence of purpose, but an authority which is as stringent as that of the state, and as successfully enforced. We are not now discussing the

wisdom or the necessity of secret organizations like these; we are only pointing out how completely they show the sufficiency of voluntary organization and effort.

People usually take a great deal of pride in national geographical and exploring expeditions. England has only recently sent a well-equipped expedition to the arctic seas, and is maintaining an exploring-party in Palestine. Now, however much enterprises of this character may seem to confer glory upon a nation, they are really quite beyond the province of the state. The idea that government should undertake projects of this kind has undoubtedly its origin in precedents of earlier periods, when despotic rulers sent forth fleets to conquer and despoil the savage places and weaker kingdoms of the earth. To subdue the rest of the world was supposed then to be one of the cardinal duties of the state. While expeditions to overrun and subdue remote and defenseless places are now out of date, the public feeling is still leavened with the old pride and ambition. It is believed that there may be explorations and discoveries in the interest of trade; the manufacturer and merchant thirst for conquest as the knights and warriors did of old. But at the very moment that the English Government is sending forth its ships to the North, an admirably-appointed expedition, supported entirely by private subscription, is struggling amid the wilds of Africa under the command of Mr. Stanley. It will be remembered by our readers that this expedition is organized by the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *London Telegraph*. If two newspapers are enabled to send to Africa the best equipped expedition that ever assailed the mysteries and secrets of that land of terrors, assuredly scientific men ought to be able by suitable organizations to accomplish all that the state now undertakes for them. It will be seen, by a reference to our science-department this week, that the English men of science are greatly discontented with what government has done for them; with the greed and perversity that marks all classes who have taught themselves to look to the state for subsidies and aid, they clamor for more, and have formulated their demands. It would be much better for the real advance of science, better for the interests of the people, if Parliament should, now promptly reject their proposals, and remand the whole matter to the private enterprise where it belongs.

It should be remembered that voluntary effort is wholly inefficient in those countries where the people have been taught to look up to government for its paternal aid and guidance. It is not merely that the state does badly all things outside of its proper sphere, but it extinguishes self-reliance in the people,

encourages sloth, and chills that enterprising spirit which, wherever it exists, is more than wealth or power. The people that the government lets alone soon learn so well how to accomplish for themselves that they outdo a hundred-fold the nations that wait upon the will and submit to the interference of their rulers.

We hear of societies formed in some of our cities designed to encourage among young women the practice of studying at home. It is not to be inferred that young men are not in as much need of home-study as their sisters are, but so far the societies organized for this purpose have been founded by women for the advantage of women. The theory that prompts the movement is, that girls, after leaving school, are too apt to neglect their books, and to lose their interest in those intellectual pursuits which education is mainly designed to promote. It is believed that with many young women the ordinary incentives for the pursuance of study after the close of her school-days are insufficient; there is needed, it is thought, the stimulation of companionship, the zest of appreciation and kindly encouragement, the guidance of experienced and mature minds. For these reasons societies with this purpose in view have been founded in London and Boston. Of the operations of a Boston society, that has been in existence nearly two years, we learn a few particulars from a contemporary, as follows:

"Its purpose is the very simple and direct one of inducing girls to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind; its mode of operation is through the exercise of an oversight by experienced and educated ladies over the home-work of younger ladies, and this, of course, mainly by means of correspondence. For example, if a girl of seventeen or over desires to join the society, she gives her name to the secretary, pays a small initiation fee to cover expenses of postage, printing, etc., and receives in return a programme of the several courses open in history, literature, art, science, German, and French; she selects the department of study which she desires to pursue, and is put in communication with the member of the committee who has charge of the department. She is expected to devote some portion of every day or week to careful reading and study, order and system being substantial elements in the plan, and at least once a month to report progress to her officer, who, in return, gives advice, makes suggestions, and encourages or stimulates the student. Once a year a meeting is held of such as can come together, and a general report is made, with special essays by students, and diplomas are given."

This is a very simple scheme, and no one can justly object to influences of the character described being brought to bear upon the young women of the country. No publicity is sought; literary vanity and display are not involved in the purpose; and, although the

results may prove slight in any obvious way, literary pleasure and companionship are ends worthy of consideration and respect.

It may be said with some truth that the really studious mind needs no such encouragement. The intellectual activities all around us would, in truth, seem to be enough to stimulate any minds not wholly lethargic; those who are alert, whose intellects are *en rapport* with all the stirring movements of the day, who follow the discoveries and researches of science, who listen to the speculations of the philosophers, who are moved by the strains of the poets, who are charmed by the achievements of art—such assuredly would need repression rather than the stimulation of "Societies for the Encouragement of Studies at Home." However, there are many kinds of people in the world. If there be those who are unstirred by the electricities of the hour, let them by all means whip up their sluggish spirits in the way proposed. It is probable that some natures can never do without masters—study must be a duty and a task; and there must wait upon its performance the award or the censure of a superior, or else the heart loses courage, and the will falls away into torpid sleep.

We append hereto a letter from Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the venerable and much-esteemed literary editor of the *Philadelphia Press*, also well known as the editor of the American edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and as the delightful repository of innumerable reminiscences and anecdotes of by-gone celebrities in English literature and art. Let us take this occasion to say that Dr. Mackenzie should by all means give his memoirs to the world; those who have met the "old man eloquent" know how replete they are with rich *memorabilia*. The letter is as follows. Its contents will doubtless surprise many readers:

"SIR: IN APPLETON'S JOURNAL of the 2d of this month, I find in the 'London Letter' the following short paragraph: 'What is said to be a hitherto unpublished sermon by Father Prout has just been printed in a Cork paper. How characteristic it is! Having chosen for his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he goes on to show that the real poor are "the clergy," and this is how the great humorist winds up.' Then follows an extract containing the conclusion of the sermon.

"I have to say that 'Father Prout's Sermon,' from which that extract was made, did not emanate from the subtle and racy mind of the author of the far-famed 'Reliques of Father Prout,' originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and subsequently in two 16mo volumes in 1836, but was written by myself forty years ago, as an exaggerated but not uncourteous imitation of the familiar style of the real Father Prout, P. P., of Watergrasshill, nine miles north of Cork. It was partly founded on fact, the main idea and some of the points being supplied by my personal recollection of a ser-

mon which I heard the reverend gentleman preach, when, a school-boy, I lived in his neighborhood.

"I published the 'Sermon' in one of the English periodicals of the time. In 1850, making a collection of my magazine articles (in three volumes, entitled 'Mornings at Matlock,' and published by H. Colburn, London), I included the 'Sermon.' In 1854 I again put it into one of my books ('Bits of Blarney,' published by Redfield, New York), and it occupies seven pages (283-290) in the volume in question.

"The Rev. Francis Mahony, the veritable author of the 'Prout Papers,' was pleased, more than once, to compliment me on the 'Sermon' in question. I desire to claim it as my own original composition, and shall communicate this claim to the press of Cork, my own early home. Yours truly,

"R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

"PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1875."

THE savage and atrocious murder of poor, little Josie Langmaid, in New Hampshire, has made every one shudder, not alone at the barbarous cruelty of the crime, but also at the apparent immunity with which it was committed. It adds one more to a long list of unknown murderers, and leaves the public mind in anything but a state of security or confidence in the existing system of detection. The old maxim that "murder will out" is beginning to have too many exceptions, it would seem, to prove the rule. The murders of Mr. Nathan, of the Joyce children, of Kate Leehan, and Bridget Landregan, of Abijah Ellis, and numerous others, come to mind to recall to us how many assassins still walk abroad free in the light of day, unsuspected, or, at least, unconvicted. In our indignant haste, however, we are too prone to overlook the fact that these cases are really exceptional, though alarmingly numerous. Taking all the homicides which occur, only a very small proportion of the perpetrators escape justice altogether. It is perhaps better that they should elude the law entirely than that, being taken, they should, owing to the devices of counsel, and undue influences which are sometimes found to environ courts of justice, be taken only to receive a punishment conspicuously inadequate to the enormity of their crime. Nor need we indulge in self-depreciatory vaporings to the effect that we are a more lawless and less protected community than others. At the moment, indeed, that we have been thrilled by the Pembroke tragedy, London has been shocked by the accidental discovery of a most foul murder which, having been committed a year ago, has only just now come to light. The foolish fears of the alleged assassin lest an examination, for another purpose, of the house where his victim lay buried, should reveal his guilt, caused him to do an act which, at this late day, exposed it. Harriet Lane was undoubtedly done to death in September of last year, in the most crowded district of

London, and in a warehouse constantly visited by all sorts of people; her disappearance was remarked by her family and friends; she was known to be intimate with the man Wainright, and to have been annoying him with her jealousy, and importunities for money. Yet the London police, which is reformed every year or two, and is maintained at a very heavy expense to rate-payers, do not seem to have stumbled anywhere near to a clew of the dark deed. The fate of Harriet Lane, too, is no more an isolated case than is that of Josie Langmaid. For years London has been the scene of murders quite equal to either in atrocity, and, it may be added, in mystery. The tragedies of the New Road and Great Coram Street, and of the two young girls who were found in the Regent's Canal within a few months of each other, and whose very names could not be discovered, not to speak of the people taken, at frequent intervals, out of the Thames, show that the English have even more cause than we to complain of the insecurity of life, and the inefficiency of the police.

In striking contrast to the tumultuous rhetoric of Mr. Charles Reade's letters on copyright is the dispassionate, convincing, and judicial paper, by Mr. E. S. Drone, on this subject, in the *American Law Review* for October. Mr. Drone's paper is an examination into the origin and nature of literary property, connected with an inquiry as to whether the right in this kind of property is perpetual. His article covers this ground very thoroughly, and seems to us fairly conclusive in its arguments. It shows historically that literary property at one time enjoyed in England the protection of the common law of property; and it demonstrates how, according to the fundamental principles of legal equity, it is entitled to this protection. The right of property in a manuscript is always conceded; but it is claimed, and has so been decided by the English courts, that a publication of a manuscript destroys this right. Mr. Drone contests this closely, showing that the loss of the right could only occur by abandonment or by contract—that abandonment must be proved by intention, and that it is evident on the face that the sale of a book is a contract to part with the corporeal and not the incorporeal element of the work. We recently advanced in the *JOURNAL* a similar argument to the latter, showing that by the very nature of the purchase a book-buyer could not obtain more than that which the purchase-money involved would in equity cover. The use of the intellectual contents of the book is sold, and not the right to multiply the same. As to whether the right in literary property may be destroyed by the legislature, Mr. Drone shows that the

state is empowered to appropriate private property when the public necessity requires it, and then only upon due compensation. The limitation of copyright is the destruction of the property-value of a book after a certain period, and hence, according to the argument of Mr. Drone, is a violation of a fundamental principle of law. We have not the space to follow Mr. Drone through all his arguments; we can only say that he seems to us to have completely established his propositions.

DISARMAMENT seems to have become a problem for speculative statesmen and eloquently-unpractical peace congresses to exercise the ingenuity of their faculties upon. England just now proclaims to the world that she has produced the most monstrous gun yet. The Fraser cannon, we are told, has a weight of eighty-one tons, and has already been tested with a charge of two hundred and forty pounds. More than this, the inventive and destructive Fraser hastens to demonstrate that it is perfectly easy to make guns of double the size and power of this enormous engine—guns which will "throw a ton of metal at every shot." Perhaps in the next war we shall hear of whole towns being blown to atoms at a single burst of the bellowing brass. Of course Germany, and France, and Russia, will hasten to cultivate Mr. Fraser's acquaintance, and to avail themselves of his colossal constructive powers. It is a very serious commentary on the present state and temper of Europe that he who can invent a new implement of war has the best chance of wealth and fame. When, as it is said, even civilized and commercial England is exultingly testing an engine, a single charge of which consists of a bag of powder with grains an inch and a half square, the bulk being as large as a good-sized pig, it is much to be feared that the era of peace is afar off.

In September of every year a grotesque scene may be witnessed in the "Halles Centrales," or great markets of Paris. A monster pumpkin, decorated with a crown of pasteboard and tinsel, and borne upon a board which serves for a throne, is carried in state through the airy corridors and along the wide outer pavements. The market-people gather around, and pay obeisance to the royal vegetable, and afterward King Pumpkin is mercilessly dissected, sold in slices at auction, and made into succulent soup which is eaten amid much Gallic merriment and persiflage. Do the Paris market-people merely mean this as a funny festival, or are they consciously ironical in this crowning the dullest and thickest-pated of the vegetable kingdom? A rude epithet

is current in some Yankee rural districts, designating a dullard as a "pumpkin-head." Is the festival of "King Potiron" intended to satirize mankind, who so often crown the pumpkins of the species, making dignified dullness a mayor, a governor, nay, even a king? Then King Potiron becomes the victim and food of his satellites; and, even so, does not the official pumpkin, more readily than another, allow his adherents to fatten on him? It may be accidental, but the market-festival certainly has a significance and symbolism not peculiarly flattering to humanity.

Literary.

IT is a little puzzling to understand precisely what Mr. Macbeth conceives to be the character of his "Might and Mirth of Literature."* To the dispassionate reader who examines the book, it seems to be a collection of elegant extracts from the works of the leading poetical and prose writers in English literature, and of some who are not leading, and to derive whatever value or interest it has from this feature. But Mr. Macbeth evidently considers the extracts subordinate in importance to, and, in fact, dependent for a considerable portion of their attractiveness upon, his mode of classification. He says, in his introduction: "One main object of this volume is to set forth the power, beauty, wealth, and wit of language . . . by taking a wide survey of our American and English writers, from the Anglo-Saxon times till now; not from many unconnected points of view, but from strictly one point—whence, as from a green hill-side in the centre of a great domain, the whole rich landscape can be beheld. That one view-point is Figurative Language; by their mode of using which you may, with accuracy, judge of our authors, by almost all of whom figures of speech are largely employed, from the gravest disquisition to the airiest breathing of song that ever milkmaid chanted over her milking-pail. This volume will thus possess strict artistic and scientific unity. Besides, and of this assertion the severest scrutiny is challenged, the affirmation being very venturesome and improbable, the author avers that this plan of his has the merit, even at this late day, of the most entire originality; never before has figurative language been taken as a point from which to examine a whole literature. Nobody will readily believe that, after the most inventive minds have been treating of literature for twenty-two centuries, an entirely new and exceedingly comprehensive and searching mode of treatment can possibly remain to be discovered; yet such is the case, remarkable as is the fact." Now, even after reading Mr. Macbeth's elaborate exposition, we have been unable to discover any scientific or logical

validity in figurative language as a test to apply to literature. A whole literature has never hitherto been viewed from the stand-point of epigrams, or adjectives, or the Shakespeare Society's new syllable-counting test, any more than from that of figurative language; so it is plain that, even yet, the number of possible view-points is not exhausted. The test, in short, is a purely rhetorical and artificial one, and Mr. Macbeth himself in practice makes little pretense of conforming to it. Ostensibly a rigid classification is preserved, but whenever the author's note-book furnishes him with a striking passage he never fails to find room for it, whether it be specially illustrative or not. Nor, indeed, when the classification is maintained, does it illumine, in any way, the selections which are ranged under it. Take, for example this:

"Why don't the men propose, mamma?
Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes.
It is no fault of yours, mamma—
That everybody knows;
You *felt* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they don't propose!"

Or this:

"Life, struck sharp on Death,
Makes awful lighting."

In what respect does it add to the reader's enjoyment of these verses to know that the first is an illustration of "synecphosis," and the last of "hypocatastasis"? As the author himself says, "we are glad to escape from words whose very look is barbarous," and which interpolate a foreign and superfluous idea where the attention should be undivided. Music is not any more musical when disintegrated into vibrations of the tuning-fork, and the impingement of air-waves upon the tympanum of the ear.

To come to the point, Mr. Macbeth's book is to be judged simply as a collection of other men's thoughts strung together on a slender and sometimes attenuated thread of biographical anecdote, criticism, and expository comment, furnished by the author himself. The selections show wide reading, upward of six hundred authors being represented, and a catholic, indeed an omnivorous, taste. In regard to the framework of comment, we may say briefly that any one who comes to Mr. Macbeth in search of analytical comparison, subtle discrimination of beauty of one kind from beauty of another, and criteria of relative merit, will be disappointed; but whoever, on the other hand, would catch the genuine enthusiasm of literature will be very likely to find the contagion in his book. For this latter reason, we are glad to hear that Mr. Macbeth has been appointed to a professorship in the University of Virginia. His influence upon young men cannot but be stimulating and wholesome; for, after all, as Dr. Johnson says, the first step is to read. Criticism and comparison may well come afterward—and a long time afterward.

ANOTHER book of travel, with which readers of the JOURNAL have already had the opportunity of becoming more or less familiar through extracts in the "Miscellany," is "Travels in Portugal," by John Latouche (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The sev-

eral chapters of which it is composed appeared originally in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, and the marked favor with which they were received induced the author to revise and enlarge them, and to publish them in permanent form. Portugal is as yet virgin soil to the traveler, and Mr. Latouche's description gives little promise of its speedily becoming a favorite haunt of the mere tourist—"the ignorant, conceited, incurious, moneyed tramp, for whom so much deserved contempt has been expressed in current literature," as the author puts it. It is not without its attractions, however, and Mr. Latouche's own experiences prove that a leisurely horseback-journey, shunning the highways and especially the large cities, and extensive enough to take in all parts of the country, more than compensates for all the hardship and privation which it involves. The scenery is less grand than that of the Spanish portion of the peninsula, and the country presents less dramatic contrasts of desolate uplands and tropically luxuriant valleys; nevertheless, there is a sort of subdued picturesqueness grateful to the artistic eye, and the people are as unique and interesting as any in Europe. It is the people, indeed, who attract most of Mr. Latouche's attention, and he evidently finds a peculiar relish in describing their antiquated modes of life, their quaint simplicity of character, their elaborate and universal courtesy, and the apparent eccentricity of their habits and customs. Of the usual scenic description there is comparatively little—Mr. Latouche having a theory that, "seeing how general opinion varies on such matters from day to day, travelers should be cautious how they praise any scenery at all."

As we have already said, Mr. Latouche confined himself mostly to the by-paths of the country; and, to such travelers as wish to learn only about the railways and cities of Portugal, its show-places and "sights," and the best manner of "doing" the country, the book will afford only disappointment. To the cultivated reader, on the other hand, who would like to know what Portugal and the Portuguese really are, and who cares to make the acquaintance of a writer whose work, without being pedantic, has a peculiarly grateful flavor of scholarship, we can commend it cordially.

QUITE the best thing in the new *bric-a-brac* volume ("Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others," New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is Mr. Stoddard's biographical sketch of Lamb, in the preface. This is a most thoroughly appreciative, delicately discriminating, and true bit of writing; and if the inferences concerning the unhappiness of Lamb's life seem rather more sombre than the facts recorded in the book appear to justify, yet no one will deny that, as a whole, the sketch is one of the worthiest tributes that has ever been paid to the genius and character of the "gentle Elia." Very good, too, if somewhat briefer, is the sketch of Hazlitt; and, altogether, before he gets through with the book, one is inclined to be sorry that it is not all preface.

Instead of the three or four separate works

* The *Might and Mirth of Literature*. A Treatise on Figurative Language. In which upward of Six Hundred Writers are referred to, and Two Hundred and Twenty Figures Illustrated. By John Walker Vilant Macbeth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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to which Mr. Stoddard usually goes for his material, he has confined himself in the present volume, for the most part, to a single book, Mr. P. G. Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintance," a collection of personal reminiscences of deceased celebrities of the nineteenth century, published in London in 1854. The only case in which he has gone beyond it is that of Hazlitt, certain episodes of whose life are taken from his grandson's "Memoirs." Mr. Patmore is described by Mr. Stoddard as "a man of little note, though acquainted with celebrities; his chief distinction, and it is not a remarkable one, being that he was the father of Coventry Patmore, the poet." Certainly, this distinction, such as it is, is not likely to be enhanced by his reminiscences, even in the condensed and doubtless improved form in which they appear in Mr. Stoddard's book. They are pretentious and elaborate, but singularly deficient in flavor; and his work as it originally stood in three volumes must have been a curious illustration of how little really personal and objective description a wordy writer could put into a work of the kind and yet have it pass muster.

To bring our notice to a conclusion, we may say that, as Mr. Stoddard fashions it, the book is not dull—it is, in fact, an improvement upon some of the late *bric-à-brac* volumes; for poor biography is, on the whole, preferable to poor anecdotes and jokes, and Lamb, Hazlitt, Campbell, and Lady Blessington, are sufficiently interesting persons to make us glad to get even a small accession to our knowledge of them.

The illustrations include portraits of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of Campbell, and of Lady Blessington; and a fac-simile reproduction of an interesting autograph letter of Lamb's to William Hone.

"THE MECHANIC'S FRIEND" (New York: D. Van Nostrand) is a book the character and scope of which are concisely and fully indicated in the title, where it is described as "A Collection of Receipts and Practical Suggestions relating to the Metric System, Miscellaneous Tools, Instruments and Processes, Cements and Glues, Varnishes and Lacquers, Solders and Metal-Working, Steam-Engines, Railways and Locomotives, Fire-Arms, Horology, Glass, Wood-Working, House and Garden, Drawing and Moulding, Photography, Musical Instruments, Taxidermy, Plant-Preserving, Aquaria, Miscellaneous Chemical Processes and Compositions, Lighting, Dyes, Water-proofing, Gilding and Bronzing, Pyrotechny, Electricity, Magnetism, and Telegraphy." The numerous articles of which it consists were selected by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, M. R. S. L., from the *English Mechanic*, "a well-known periodical, in whose pages lovers of science, practical mechanics, chemists, photographers, etc., etc., have for years past been in the habit of affording mutual help to each other." Hence almost every item of information in the volume is a solution of a difficulty experienced by one person, by another who has already met and overcome it; and this fact will stamp the book with a practical value in the eyes of those who know "how much more impor-

tant such individual experience is than any mere theory or tradition."

The topics are grouped together in the volume according to their logical relationships, there is a good index, and the illustrations are very numerous.

"LECTURES TO MY STUDENTS" (New York: Sheldon & Co.) is a collection of a dozen or more addresses delivered by Mr. Spurgeon to the classes of the Pastor's College, an institution connected with his church in London. They are colloquial, familiar, full of anecdote, and humorous—not at all like the typical sermon; at the same time they are earnest and zealous to a degree which characterizes all Mr. Spurgeon's words, whether spoken or written. Being addressed to those who have already assumed the pastor's calling, they discuss, for the most part, topics which have a special interest only for ministers: "The Minister's Self-Watch," "Call to the Ministry," "Preachers' Private Prayer," "Public Prayer," "Sermons," "On the Choice of a Text," "On the Voice," "Faculty of Impromptu Speech," and the like. To Mr. Spurgeon, however, the minister belongs to no separate class or cult, but is simply the head of a flock of which he is also a member; and the suggestions which he offers to the one are scarcely less applicable to the other.

MR. W. J. ROLFE has prepared for school use, on the plan of his previously-published Shakespeare plays, "Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith" (New York: Harper & Brothers). The poems selected are "The Traveler," "The Deserted Village," and "Retaliation," which, besides being beautifully printed in large, clear type, are prefaced with Macaulay's memoir of Goldsmith, and briefer selections from other memoirs of the poet by Thackeray, George Colman, Campbell, Foster, and Irving; and followed by copious notes, original and selected. The notes are just and discriminating in tone, and supply all that is necessary either for understanding the thought of the several poems, or for a critical study of the language. The use of such books in the school-room cannot but contribute largely toward putting the study of English literature upon a sound basis; and many an adult reader, whose school-days are over, would find in the present volume an excellent opportunity for becoming critically acquainted with one of the greatest of last century's poets.

REVIEWING the third and fourth volumes of the Count de Paris's "History of the American Civil War," the *Saturday Review* says: "Skilled as the count is in describing scenes of action, and the powers that move masses to victory or defeat, and thorough as is his knowledge of the springs of American history, his volumes have, in our opinion, one marked defect pervading them which detracts from their merit as works of art. The author seems to lack the biographical power which should clothe his chief actors with personal interest. With the exception always of McClellan, there is a tendency in his pages to treat commanders rather too much like ma-

chines than men of various characters, as they are. We note this drawback, however, as well as the political and private bias already mentioned, with the less regret, because, after every possible deduction is made, we have in these volumes a history of the contest throughout its opening years which is so superior to all those preceding it that there is not one in America or Europe worthy to be placed in the same class. There is, in fact, as much difference between this narrative and its predecessors as between the splendid atlas that accompanies it and the cheap and shabby maps with which we were supplied for our first studies of the American campaigns."

THE *Athenæum* thinks that the productions of George Sand's old age are undoubtedly less original than her former works, and that she would do well to stop writing. . . . Under the title of "The Orphan of Pimlico, and Other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings," a collection of Thackeray's drawings will shortly be published in London. Some of the drawings are hasty sketches, and were made in traveling-note-books; others were afterward used for the purposes of illustration; some were done for the amusement of children, others for that of his friends. The volume is "authorized," and is designed to furnish an adequate representation of Thackeray's artistic feeling. . . . A university is to be established in Siberia, of all places in the world! It will be located at Tomsk, and at first will promote chiefly the study of medicine. . . . The interest felt in Paris regarding our Centennial Exhibition is indicated by the establishment there of a paper "for the purpose of giving the public every possible information" on the subject. The periodical is entitled *L'Indicateur de l'Exposition Universelle de Philadelphie*. . . . The Prince of Wales's visit to India will give birth to a novelty in the shape of "specials." It is said that Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd, the best known of Indian photographers, will depute the chief of their staff to accompany his royal highness throughout his tour through India. This "Photo-Special" will be assisted by a large number of skilled native photographers, who hope in concert to produce a perfect panorama of the royal progress through Hindostan. . . . Mr. Swinburne has nearly completed a new dramatic poem of about the same length as "Atalanta in Calydon," and, like it, founded upon a subject from Greek mythology. . . . Mr. Andrew Wilson, author of "The Abode of Snow," recently reviewed in the *JOURNAL*, has had the degree of Ph. D. conferred upon him by the University of Zurich, in recognition of his services as a writer. . . . A new edition, in seven volumes, of the "Life and Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anna Brontë," is about to be issued in London: Its most remarkable feature will be the illustrations, which will consist of views, sketched on the spot, of the most interesting scenes described in the novels. . . . The *North American Review* closes an article on Sherman's "Memoirs" as follows: "We lay down these volumes with regret. We seem to be breathing a fresh, and bracing, and inspiring atmosphere as we read them. They increase our pride in the general of our army, and our regard for him. It is good to know him as we now know him; to recognize the kindly man in the relentless soldier; and to see what a clear-headed, right-minded, accomplished, faithful, successful commander has been born of our American civilization." . . . Mr. Charles Lanman is to make a contribution to our centennial literature in a volume

entitled "Biographical Annals of the Civil Government of the United States during its First Century." It will be derived from original and official sources.

The Arts.

WE suppose, from our own experience, that there is no class of objects more difficult to image to the mind through description alone than porcelain, metal, or textile fabrics. From written accounts of different shades of blues in India china, which distinguish their age or manufacture, we gain little impression as to whether the vases or jars we saw last week or month belonged to this or that time, unless we have the book by us when we look at them; and, when we examine specimens of Majolica ware, a "crackle" cup, or a bit of tile, the impression they form is very dissimilar to the one we gather from the elaborate facts given in the best books on the subject.

Books read in connection with the examination of these specimens, of course, have the highest value, and, page in hand, we can follow out the descriptions while we examine the inside of a pearly-white cup, whose fine purplish or brownish lines form the net-work known as "crackle;" or we can learn that the chrysanthemum pattern has long been a favorite one with the Japanese while we look at a particular vase or jar covered with these flowers—a general fact which the sight of the few specimens we are likely to see of this decoration would fail to tell us. From our book we can learn the history and the processes of manufacture, but sight alone, or imaginative description, makes such objects real to us.

We are led to these remarks by the sight of some English imitations of Moorish tiles, the originals of which are found in the Alhambra. They are made of coarse clay, and arabesque figures of dark browns, blues, and greens, of somewhat subdued shades, are impressed into the surface, forming sunken spaces of color between sharp, raised dividing lines. The faces of these tiles are brilliant with enamel, and their irregular surface fits them better for the side ornaments of buildings than, like the flat English tiles, to cover a floor, where the friction of feet and of rough objects would soon destroy them. From any description in books we had gained little impression of their richness and beauty, and it was only when we saw them so diverse from the dead-colored, common English tiles now in use here that we gained the first adequate impression of their appearance. As illustrating the estimation in which they were held formerly, the Spaniards had a saying, "Nunca habrás casa con azulejos" ("You will never have a house adorned with glazed tiles")—that is, you will never be rich. The effect of them is showy and eminently decorative, and, when we use them, as they formerly were used in Spain and Italy, upon the outsides of our buildings, the sunshine upon their irregular glazed surfaces, with their varied colors and flowing arabesque lines, will make them one of the most beautiful additions to our out-of-door ornament.

Very few of these tiles have been brought to this country, and the few we have seen are used as side decorations of halls and fire-places. The outside of buildings seems to us their most proper place, and, if such spaces as the triangles between the great round arches that form the tops of the windows in Chickering's Music-Hall, now building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, could have been filled with them instead of the smooth, unglazed English tiles, the effect of the building would have been wonderfully enriched.

GOUPIL has several very clever paintings by Roman artists, one of the most important of which is of a sleeping student by Martini. The other is "Offering the Bridal-Wreath" by Faustini. The former is quite a humorous picture of a young fellow asleep over his books, sitting in a fine room, about which are the usual appointments of a library, many of which are also pictures "of the stock in trade" of Martini himself, consisting of screens, rugs, yellow curtains, and general *bric-à-brac*. Three or four young women, well-costumed in studio-dresses of quaint or piquant fashion, and of brocade, satin, or flowered silk, have come into the room, and, while one is tying the leg of the young man to the library-table, another has a long brush, with a very long handle, in her hand, which she is brandishing above his head from behind a screen, and the other girls, with features smiling with mirth, are evidently much amused with the pranks they are playing with the sleeping student. A young man, a fellow-student, stands in the doorway, and is aiding them in their sport.

The painting of this picture is very clever in the yellow curtain through whose transparent material the light strikes softly. It is very good in the drapery of the women, in the mahogany bookcase, and the delicate embroidery of flowers in the ruffle that hangs above the window. The composition of forms is quite agreeable, as are the contrasts of hue in the black brush, which makes a brilliant point of light and shade thrust between the spectator and the bright drapery before the window. The flesh of the faces of the figures, however, is hard, and looks like parchment, dead and stiff. Yet on the whole this picture, evidently entirely made up from models and the paraphernalia of a studio, is a very careful and nice bit of work.

The other picture, "Offering the Bridal-Wreath," is different in motive and treatment. Also painted in Rome, the scene is half classical, and it is essentially decorative. A long Oriental chamber is the scene of the picture, and at one end of it a young woman, dressed, as in "The Sleeping Student," with appropriate studio-fabrics of rich colors, is sitting attended by a dark Roman girl, who appears to be chatting with her. Behind her is her couch, and part way along the room a brass censer is smoking its perfume into the chamber. A sort of Arcadian figure, it may be the husband, but more probably some jester or musician, half clad, and showing a fine, half grotesque and dark-skinned black curly head, is partially dancing toward the bride, to whom he reverentially tenders a wreath of

green leaves. Outside, through an opening in the wall of the room, appear the low pillars of an Oriental court-yard, and just within the chamber half a dozen maidens, with splendid dark Italian faces, comic as fauns, and radiant with the grotesque beauty one finds no farther north than Italy, watch the proceedings with jolly pleasure. A young boy leans against the door-post, playing on a couple of reeds, and the whole picture is tropical, and yet with more vivacity in the drawing and attitudes of the figures than is usually met with in like subjects. Beautiful rich bits of color occur throughout the work, scattered through wide spaces of subdued yet harmonious hues. The light-yellow walls of the building in the court-yard are the most brilliant in their contrast with the white capitals of pillars formed like clusters of palms. Green vines wind about the shafts of these columns, and the whole forms a maze of light behind the dark, brilliant faces and dresses of the women.

Within the apartment the light is more subdued, and lacks the rich warmth of the out-door sunshine. But, as a contrast with the latter, here every hue is subdued and rich, and shows a play of light difficult to keep distinct from any color that shall mar its relation with the tints of the pale daylight outside the room.

ONE of the latest pictures from the easel of Frederick E. Church is a river-view drawn just before sunset, and entitled "After the Rain-Storm," but evidently painted more as an effect from Nature than for its striking pictorial quality as a landscape. The foreground is in deep shadow, and has a fallen tree-trunk on the right and a group of trees on the left. The river flows quietly in the middle distance, and the clouds, after the rain, have broken, and are yet hanging sullenly over the distant hills, and extend upward, covering the sky with their murky forms to the zenith. The most striking feature in the work is the sky-effect, which is in brilliant contrast to the shadowy landscape. The sun, although obscured, is evidently just hanging above the horizon, and its flashing rays strike the broken cloud-forms, and light them up with gorgeous effect. The blue sky shows through the opening, and the clouds at this point have the bright silver lining, but it is streaked with crimson and golden tints, which lend additional richness to its tones. The brilliancy of this passage in the sky painting, which is the *tour de force* of the picture, is reflected upon the hill-forms, strikes the water with more or less force, and is repeated upon the clouds at the zenith. The sky, in every matter of detail and part, is painted solidly and with great force. The lines of silver and golden light are painted on with the brush in heavy masses, and with masterly skill. There is no hesitation shown in the handling of this sky—every stroke of the brush appears to have been studied with care, and the expression is broad and effective in the highest degree.

The general tone of the work is impressive, but, unfortunately, its force is all invested in the sky. The landscape in the foreground is richly colored and harmonizes

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in tone with the sky, but further than this it is lacking in any great artistic qualities. The great tree-trunk which has fallen in the foreground, and the group of trees on the left, were evidently laid on with a firm and free hand, but in the finish they are left hard and inexpressive. We can realize that a dead calm may have succeeded the storm, but the snap and sparkle which belong to Nature after a heavy rainfall are not lost at sunset, by any means, and this incident Mr. Church has failed to secure. The foliage is heavy with paint, and not moisture, and the water of the river is as solid and unyielding as a stream of molten copper. In the handling of this work it is evident that the sky-effect was the motive aimed at, and the landscape a matter of secondary consideration. This is unfortunate, as there is a pleasant harmony between the two extremes, and with a moderate degree of study they might be brought together so as to form a picture as beautiful in expression as it is impressive in sentiment. The picture is on exhibition at Goupil's.

Among the notable new buildings in the city is Chickering Hall at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. It covers a space fifty or sixty feet wide on the avenue, and runs back on Eighteenth Street the entire depth of the lot. Built of red brick, it is divided into two very high stories on the outside, which are as lofty as four or five stories of the adjoining buildings. The front entrance sets between two large and high windows, one on either side of the door, and above these three other windows with round tops form the front of the edifice. Dark and highly-polished granite pillars placed flat against the outer wall support the entrance, and in the second story a pair of similar pillars between the windows support the end of the round arches which form their tops. Several large, square blocks of the same polished material make a rich ornament in the plain spacings of this wall. Above the arches of the upper windows, as we have elsewhere remarked, the space is filled solidly by English tiles of buff and light neutral colors in diaper patterns, and the roof, which is pyramidal, is guarded by an iron parapet.

On Eighteenth Street the line is broken by large windows in the lower story, and this story is much lower than the one above it, both in front and on the sides. The second story on this street is a blank wall set off into arched spaces similar to those occupied by the windows in front; and these in their turn are separated by granite pillars, while above them is the same diapered tile-work. The inside of Chickering Hall is not yet completed, but externally it will long form one of the most striking edifices of Fifth Avenue.

The great arches of the windows of this building, like those in the Lenox Library and in the new railway-station at Worcester, are its most interesting and positive feature. Simplicity of form, combined with size, has a wonderful power in making any architectural form impressive. The relation of big forms to neighboring little ones has great effect on the imagination, and six large openings in

the side of a house make it look larger and more imposing than fifty small ones in the same space. We know of no one feature so distinguishing to the cathedrals abroad as their high and spacious doorways; and, comparing these as we stand fifty feet or more beneath the apex of their arches with our diminutive doors at home, we realize approximately the size of the buildings of which they form a part.

For this reason we are glad when we see these few and simple openings in such large structures as Chickering Hall. The whole building gains in dignity from them when we compare the size and simplicity of the mass with houses only half as large whose many openings in relation to these look like port-holes of a ship.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

September 28, 1875.

SOME curious anecdotes of the Parisian theatres for forty years past have recently been published by the *Revue Britannique*. Among others is the following anecdote of the brilliant Augustine Brohan, that wittiest and most accomplished of actresses. One evening she was seated in the green-room, refreshing herself with a cup of broth, while a circle of admirers crowded round her as usual. Among them was Charles Desnoyers, the clever stage-manager of the Comédie Française.

"Augustine," he said, "you always have an answer ready for every thing, but I am going to try to puzzle you. I shall ask you a question in which I shall introduce the name of a city, and you must answer in a single word, which must not only have reference to what I have said, but must also be the name of a city, whether a French or a foreign one does not matter. Is it agreed?"

"It is a bargain," answered the actress.

"Very good," replied the manager, "let us begin. It appears that you are fond of *bouillon*."

"Elbeuf" (*et le bouf*), instantly made answer the actress.

"Bravo!" cried every one present.

Desnoyers appeared entirely disconcerted, but, recovering himself immediately, he continued, in a pathetic tone: "If you play me such tricks" (*de ces tours-là*), "I shall die!"

Augustine rose, and, looking him full in the face, she hurled at him this crushing apostrophe:

"Périgueux!" (*peris, gueux*—perish, you beggar!)

The writer of the above reminiscences says of Rachel:

"She is the strangest person I have ever met," once said to me the Duke de X—. 'I was in her drawing-room the other evening, when two or three academicians came to call upon her. She received them with the utmost dignity, and conversed for a long time with them on various scientific and literary subjects, which she discussed with an *aplomb* and a gravity which would have done honor to Mademoiselle de Soudéry. But no sooner had they taken their departure than she sprang from her chair, and started to whirling like a top around the room till she was totally out of breath. Then she sat down on the floor, and, without further ceremony, she devoured half the contents of a jar of brandy-cherries.

"On another evening I went to see her in

Phèdre. She electrified the audience; and, though I had seen her a dozen times in that rôle, her scene with *Hippolyte* is of so irresistible an effect that I have never been able to listen to it without profound emotion. When the act was over I was conversing with a friend in the lobby, when I received from Rachel a little note in pencil, saying that she was perfectly exhausted, and that, when I was on my way to the club, I must stop at Cheret's to order something for her supper. Can you imagine what?"

"Some oysters or a truffled partridge, perhaps."

"Not at all. A box of sardines and some Gruyère cheese!"

There has been a great deal of talk about centennials and centenarians recently, but they have all been thrown into the shade by an individual who recently departed this life in Paris aged two hundred and three years. This aged creature was, however, not a human being, but a goose, belonging to a workman named Payen, who resided at Villeneuve Saint-George. It had been in the possession of the family for over two centuries, as certain documents in the hands of its present owner conclusively proved. It was called Babette, and knew its name perfectly, always coming when called by it. For three years past it has been in a semi-lethargic condition, but up to that time it had been lively and preserved a good appearance. The director of the Jardin des Plantes, hearing of the existence of this venerable fowl, caused it to be purchased. The fatigues of a journey to Paris were too much for a constitution enfeebled by two centuries of existence, and Babette expired in a few hours after her arrival at her new home. She is to be stuffed and installed with all honors in the museum attached to the gardens.

Carpeaux, the sculptor, continues dangerously ill, and it is not thought that he can long survive. His lower limbs are still completely paralyzed, and he has been forced to relinquish even the small amount of exercise which he used to take in a wheeled chair. The last work which he has executed, and probably the last that he will ever attempt, was an illustration for the novel of "Le Bleuët," recently published by Michel Lévy. The authoress, who is a personal friend, recently called to see him, and showed him the design for a group of *bleuets*, or corn-flowers, which was to adorn the cover of her book. The dying sculptor pronounced the design to be stiff, ungraceful, and inartistic. "Bring me some corn-flowers," he said, "and I will show you how I think the group ought to look." The flowers were brought, the sculptor took up his pencil, steadied his weak, wavering fingers by a supreme effort of will, and sketched the graceful cluster that now ornaments the cover of "Le Bleuët."

The chief malady of Carpeaux, for he is suffering from a complication of diseases, is an internal cancer, for the relief of which he has already undergone several surgical operations. For two years and a half he has produced nothing, and for two years he has not visited his *atelier*. His only recreation is a short drive undertaken on those rare days when he feels equal to the effort. Few could recognize in the sullen, inert being, whose eyes alone retain the fire and vivacity for which he was once renowned, the brilliant sculptor who has adorned the New Opera with such animated and striking groups.

The new books of the week include Arsène Houssaye's "Dianas and Venuées" and his "Hundred and One Sonnets," both of which are issued by the firm of Michel Lévy Bros.

From the same house we have "The more that changes" ("Plus ça change"), by Alphonse Karr, and a series of ten etchings by Henri Guerard, illustrating "Les Châtiments," by Victor Hugo. The firm also announce "Dialogues and Philosophical Fragments," by Ernest Renan, and Octave Feuillet's new and charming novel of "A Society Marriage," as well as the sequel to the work by Alphonse Karr above mentioned, which sequel is to bear the title of "The more 'tis the same thing" ("Plus c'est la même chose"). Lecoq, Son & Co. have published the first four volumes of "A History of the Reign of Louis XIV.," by M. Casimir Gaillardin, which four volumes have just gained the Grand Prix Gobert. The work is to be completed in six volumes, of which the last is not to appear till next June. Plon & Co. have brought out a "History of Italian Brigandage from the Earliest Ages down to the Present Time," by Armand Durbary; and a "History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Human Institutions," by D. Ramée. The Bibliothèque Charpentier promises the second volume of the "Mémoires of Odilon Barrot" for the 1st of October. Lachaud & Co. have just issued a pamphlet entitled "The Conspiracies of Arenberg." The oddest title among the just-issued books is the following: "Napoleon III., a Tragedy in Four Acts and in Verse. To be represented in Fifty Years. By an Unknown. For sale at all Book-Stands." Notwithstanding the last announcement, I have tried to obtain it at several of the leading book-stores on the boulevards, but in vain. I have placed the matter in the hands of an energetic personage, who will get me a copy if it is to be had; and, should it prove worthy of further notice, I will tell you more about it in my next.

In the before-mentioned "Mémoires of Odilon Barrot" occurs this sketch of the character of Napoleon III.:

"One of the principal traits of the character of this predestined personage, who was fated to reconstruct the empire, was the knowledge of how to yield; that was the quality which chiefly distinguished him from the first Napoleon, and therein alone lay all his strength. To possess a will as inflexible as fate itself, to dread no initiative however bold it might be, but at the same time to know how to halt, to adjourn, to draw back without any embarrassment either of personal vanity or of pride, these are contradictory qualities which, when they are united in one person, make of that person an exceptional being. These qualities were marvelously appropriate to the situation of Louis Napoleon, who, having neither the genius of the first Napoleon nor his victorious prestige, was forced to obtain by dint of cunning and patience that which the other had been able to bear away in lofty combat."

During the disorders of the 24th of February Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the father of the present prince, came to Madame Barrot and demanded the loan of her carriage, in which to show himself to the people, declaring that only a Bonaparte could calm the tumult and disarm the insurrection. His proposition was rejected as absurd, "and yet," adds Odilon Barrot, "he was only a little in advance of the times."

The Gymnase has reproduced "La Dame aux Camélias" with Mademoiselle Tallandiera as *Marguerite Gautier*, and Worms, who has just returned from Russia, as *Armand Duval*. This revival has created a good deal of talk in theatrical and critical circles in Paris, owing to the quarrels which it has occasioned between Mademoiselle Tallandiera and M. Montigny, the manager of the theatre. It was

with extreme reluctance that the lady undertook the part, for which she was by no means fitted, and she and the manager used to fight like cat and dog during the rehearsals. The nervous, passionate actress, eccentric, abrupt, and gifted, was hardly suited to the personality of the sentimental, consumptive heroine of the first great play of the great dramatist. She possesses genius, power, and dramatic fire, it is true, but she lacks grace and distinction, and the Parisian public, accustomed to see the character impersonated by such fair and elegant women as Blanche Pierson and Eugénie Doche, accepted this new incarnation of it with reluctance. However, the real talent of the actress has swept away all opposition. Her death-scene, in particular, is remarkable for its pathos and its lack of exaggeration. The first night of the revival a very absurd incident came near compromising its success. One of the characters appeared at the supper in the first act wearing an overcoat of a very peculiar color, which somehow or other moved the mirth-loving Parisians to laughter, and so loud and hearty was the mirth caused by that unfortunate garment that poor Mademoiselle Tallandiera, conceiving herself to be the object of the ridicule of the audience, came near rushing from the stage.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since "La Dame aux Camélias" was given to the public. Here is a sketch by Nestor Roqueplan of the celebrated Marie Duplessis, the original from whom Dumas drew his heroine:

Marie Duplessis was remarkably pretty, tall, but particularly well made, ignorant, without wit, but endowed with marvelous tact. She was a peasant-girl of Normandy, but she invented for herself a noble pedigree, deriving, on her own authority, her name from an historical name slightly modified. She told falsehoods freely, and was accustomed to say that lies whitened the teeth. She was not then the ideal woman that death, time, and the imagination of a romance-writer, have made of her.

She was consumptive. She sought the baths of Germany for her health. There she met the Count de S—, a Russian diplomatist, an old man, aged eighty-four, who had co-operated in the drawing up of the Treaty of Peace of Tilsit. Afflicted by the death of a daughter who had perished by an affection of the chest, the count was struck with the resemblance of Marie to his lost child. The lovely face, the velvety eyes, the elegant figure, the small hands and feet, the same fatal malady, he found them all in this double of his beloved child. He transferred to her the care and affection that he had bestowed upon his own daughter. He mournfully calculated that her lungs were strong enough to enable her to survive him. Marie Duplessis thus returned to Paris in the position of a family portrait.

When the pitiless malady had pronounced its last summons, she wished to go once more to the theatre. She was driven to the Palais Royal, where a first representation was to be given. So great was her weakness that she was carried to her box by two liveried footmen. That was her last gayety, and the last time she quitted the house.

More fortunate than the heroine of the drama, she was watched over in her last moments by a tender and loving woman. It was the hands of that devoted friend that decked her for the grave. She lay, enveloped in lace, with a bouquet of camélias between her clasped hands, and a crucifix on her heart. Her beauty returned to her after death; she was almost startlingly lovely. Her coffin was filled with camélias, and for a year after her

death it was the fashion among a certain set to go to the cemetery of Montmartre to lay wreaths and bouquets of camélias on her tomb. She died in 1847, and, five years later, the drama of Alexandre Dumas enshrined this weak, erring, but most unhappy creature, in a living immortality. Unlike the majority of her class, she never ceased to feel shame and remorse for her position. "What would you have thought," some one once said to her when she was in the height of her career, "if your future life had been predicted to you while you were still a poor peasant?" "I should have drowned myself, or else died of horror!" was the passionate reply. LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO CELEBRATION.

FLORENCE, September 19, 1875.

FLORENCE knows how to glorify her heroes! From the long row of large, white cattle, adorned with gold-embroidered saddles of red cloth, their necks, heads, and tails, trimmed to match, drawn up for inspection by the prize-committee of the Agrarian Exhibition, in front of the "Tiro Nazionali," on the Cascine, from this magnificent array, in which even the dumb beasts seemed to join in honoring the great sculptor of four hundred years ago, down through concert, *cortège*, official ceremony, assembled specimens of his art, eulogy after eulogy, to the final fire-rejoicing, through all the city, environs, and surrounding mountain-peaks—Florence has shown her appreciation of the extraordinary genius of a citizen who once received little honor at her hands.

Michael Angelo is now deified. As Hercules, Apollo, even Jupiter himself, were originally earthly beings, and then placed among the gods, so is it with him. His works also have become miraculous! His temples are numerous, but chief among them are the Florentine dwelling he occupied, the National Museum, and the Academy of Arts, where his sculptures and drawings have been assembled; but there is scarcely a studio or shop-window where he is not enshrined and commemorated by some painting representing a scene from his life, lithographs from his designs, biographies of all sizes, or by his bust in marble, bronze, plaster, or terra-cotta!

What a triumph for a man, when his ashes no longer show even the trace of his human form, to be thus honored! When four centuries have swept from the earth the very memories of many of his contemporaries, every marble chipping that fell from under his chisel, every line known to be drawn by him, careless or studied though it may have been, has been cherished, preserved, and is now exhibited with awe!

The *fêtes* on the occasion were so numerous that the three days devoted to them hardly sufficed. The enthusiastic went from one to another, without thought of hunger or fatigue. Perhaps most agreeable of all the side-shows, was the awarding of the prizes in the Agrarian Exhibition. Nature must ever win the palm over all art, and, whether it was the beautiful *locale* where the "mostra" was held, the tree-filled Cascine, the beauty of the flowers, fruit, vegetables, animals, fowls, and even of the labor-saving machines, a restful, happy feeling seemed to come over one in traversing the gardens or commodious rooms where the objects were displayed.

Then came music, with its harmonious, majestic strains, honoring the great hero of a sister art! As we sat in the Cinque-Cento Salone of the Palazzo Vecchio (on the walls of which are the large war-frescoes by Vasari),

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listening to the melodies of Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein, Rossini, and Gounod, as rendered by the numerous and well-trained Florence Orchestral Society, two short but euphonious "madrigals," sung by a choral society, reminded us that the great sculptor was also a poet whose verses were set to music by contemporary composers.

See the banners borne by art-lovers through the historical streets of Florence, till they stop reverently before the Buonarroti Palace, while the bronze bust of its once distinguished occupant is unveiled with due ceremony, and thus begins its life of adornment to the door through which Michael Angelo was wont to pass, ascending to his tiny retreat and desk, from over which the face of Vittoria Colonna looked down encouragingly upon him. Again the banners move, and the eager populace follows until the white façade of Santa Croce gleams upon them, and crowding the piazza, ascending the steps, the hero-worshippers enter the cemetery-church, sacred from the artist-hands that painted its walls, and the noble Italian dust it contains—Westminster Abbey of Florence, but the day before its portals had unclosed to receive the remains of the distinguished historian and patriot, Carlo Botta; and to-day foot-worn bronze and marble-mitred ones lying so peacefully on the hard pavement, their hands crossed over their emotionless breasts, might have raised their heads in wonder at the ardent words pronounced by Italians and strangers, as wreaths of silver and laurel were hung upon the tomb of one who let people believe and pray as they would, while he worked out his own great religious thoughts in stone!

Again moves the procession and its accompanying crowd, and this time more gayly, for, all sad rites fulfilled to mortality, it has now only the soul and intellect to honor. Over the Arno, across the Ponte delle Grazie, gradually it comes winding up the zigzag, flower-graced avenues that lead to the Piazzale Michel Angelo, where already favored ones are waiting, in loggia and inclosure, and bands are playing, while David, in bronze, fitting representative of the one from whose brain he sprang, armed with youthful, inspired force, and royal power to command or to conquer, stands absorbed in the blow he is about to send, which shall free his people! So, once on these same heights, the sculptor-patriot worked, uprearing defenses, eager for his beloved Florence. And now come those who will not forget one of his many great deeds, but who, while the old Guelph banner of the Florentine Republic waves from the highest tower of San Miniato, in eloquent discourse, recall to the people the power of the hero's genius and will. Through the lips of Meissonier and Charles Blanc, France speaks out its praise of this great Italian artist and patriot; nor are Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, or Greece, wanting in representatives who join in the same strain. And now the lamps are lighted, shining out amid the banners and filed ranks that occupy the square, towered over by the copy of the sculptor's David. Below, the Florence-adorned plain, through which the Arno flows, reflecting the silver lights along its banks, and from its quaint bridges. There is the fortress-like old palace, with its high, medieval tower, where hangs the bell, silent, except for extraordinary occasions, but that to-day has rung many a peal! There is the beautiful Duomo, whose cupola shadowed forth the mightier one of Rome, and near it the casket-like tower of Giotto! The very buildings of the famous city seem to wish to add, by graceful architectural effects, to the beauty of the *fête*, and

surely the cone-shaped hills, spotted with villas, and the more distant mountains purpling in the sunset, play no mean part in the grand painting before us, combined work of Nature and man!

As night settles down upon the scene, gradually the crowd disperses, some to assemble later at the syndie's invitation in the Ricciardi Palace (the still brilliant frescoes of which yet bear witness to the genius of one of Michael Angelo's predecessors in art, Benozzo Gozzoli), and others to the more democratic printers' banquet in the illuminated gardens of the Florentine Tivoli.

But the place where the great sculptor is most truly honored is the Academy of Fine Arts, where, in a circular hall, stands the original David, brought thither from its former position near the Palazzo Vecchio. In a wing on the right are the three statues by Michael Angelo from the tomb of Julius II.—Moses, Rachel, and Leah—while on the left are plaster-casts of his principal works sent from the cities which possess them. The St. John, said to have been one of his earliest statues, and to have remained unrecognized in the Pescalini Palace at Pisa until recently, occupies an honorable position, although believed by many to have been rather the work of Mino da Fiesole. In the small bass-relief of the Accademia Ligustica, called the Pietà, the Madonna holds with great tenderness in her arms a head of Christ, beautiful in its holy, deathly rest. Opposite, in the Sacred Family, the original of which is in the National Museum of Florence, the somewhat Leonardo-da-Vinci-like expression of the Madonna's face attracts a closer study in a position and light so favorable. One of the most beautiful of all is "The Prisoner," from the Louvre. His head rests against his uplifted arm, while face and attitude express hopeless, despairing resignation. In contrast is the Christ with his cross, from the Church of the Minerva at Rome, the face divine and ardent, while the muscles and form, as seen from behind, are more like those of a Hercules. It is the Christ god-man. The celebrated group of the Pietà from St. Peter's can be seen in the fine cast here (the gift of the pope) at great advantage, and one realizes more than ever its beauty. The city of Bruges has sent a Madonna and Child, the mother somewhat rigid in expression, but the Infant superhuman in its head and face.

We enter now the long exhibition-room, where, eclipsed and neglected for a time, hang the dear old Peruginos, Ghirlandajos, Botticellis, and others of the same period, but we stop with the crowd before the "Fortuna" by Michael Angelo; before his portrait; before a drawing from his first picture painted at fifteen years old; before small models of his works; before his marble bust, surrounded with a silver wreath; another in bronze, garlanded with laurel; and a glass case containing many richly-bound and decorated volumes, and testimonials for the occasion, sent by societies from other places and lands.

An adjoining smaller room is devoted to photographs of his drawings and designs. The walls are hung with Braun's photographs of his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, among which are seen several large cartoons from Naples. On both sides of the glass case, in the centre, are contributions to this collection from Sienna, Queen Victoria, the British Museum, the Museum of Oxford, the Louvre, Lille, and Weimar. There is enough to study for weeks, but we must hurry through it, as the crowd is pressing, and there is still much to see and do in these festal days so richly filled with intellectual pleasures.

We visit the National Museum to salute the Bacchus, the dying Adonis, the Victory, the Holy Family, the Brutus, and the Mask, his first work. Nor can we pass the San Lorenzo Church without entering, to see again the marvelous Medicis Monuments, where the Penseroso sits, ever celebrating, with his grand, unequaled pathos, the genius of the one who imagined and carved so unearthly a face.

The day ends, and relaxation from the serious thoughts and studies of the morning's exhibition is found in the gay rooms of the Casino, where, even in the midst of music and dancing, the hero is not forgotten, and the name "Michael Angelo" is constantly heard.

On the third day of the *fête* is the session of the Accademia della Crusca e delle Belle Arti. In the midst of the hall formerly used as the Senate-Chamber sits the Prince of Carignano (representative of the king at this time in Florence), while around him, on the platform and in the hall, are the *literati* of Florence and Italy. The aged Gino Capponi, the poet Alcardi, the biographer Aurelio Gotti; princes, painters, and sculptors, are here. De Fabris, Augusto Conti, and the sculptor Dupré, speak in studied and thoughtful words their praise of the hero. Then, remembering another of Italy's great lights, to the study of whose works Michael Angelo owed so much, at the syndie's invitation, the house occupied by Dante in Florence is visited by all. In the evening Florence eclipses itself. Fountains of light appear on the slopes of the ascents to the various promenades and gardens around the city, which gleam with colored lamps of white, red, and green, hanging from verandas, pagodas, and frameworks of various device; the outlines of the towers and chief buildings are designed with rows of glistening lights; on every hill-top, even distant elevated points, are flames and illuminations.

Fiesole shows a colossal, transparent, and brilliant representation of the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*, and, mingling with all these fairy-like but lesser lights, the moon sends down her brightest, clearest rays. Thousands of people, citizens, Italians, strangers, ascend on foot or in long lines of carriages to the Piazzale of Michael Angelo, while the bands play, and the *trattori* echo with merriment.

Thus Genius and Work, though four hundred years have passed, bring reverence, and all the people rejoice.

To-day the "Requiem Mass" of Verdi, written for Manzoni, but repeated now for one who needs no prayers, has waked, in the hearts of all who heard its satisfying, exquisite strains, a deeper confidence in the immortality that follows death, in the ever advancement of an earnest, quickened spirit, and in the infinite love of him who can create such power and give it life!

C. L. W.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Who is "M. H. B.?" I'm afraid I'm showing awful ignorance in asking the question, but what has the lady written to make our *Hornet* go into such rapture over her? That paper—it is edited by Mr. Joseph Hatton, the author of "The Tallants of Barton"—has secured her as a contributor, and with this grand flourish of trumpets does it announce the fact: "M. H. B."

"Since 'Manhattan' wrote those startling letters for the English *Standard*, which did so much for the circulation of that journal, no American writer has appeared with pen so bright or wit so keen as M. H. B. Her papers are just now the gems of journalistic literature in the States, and many of her sparkling *notes*

and anecdotes are reprinted in the 'Wit and Humor' columns of English newspapers.

"We have made arrangements with M. H. B. for a series of special articles on American Life, Manners, and Customs. The first will appear next week. It will be devoted to the consideration of

AMERICAN INVENTIONS, INDIANS, AND A SPIRIT BABY."

A Byron Club is on the point of being started over here. "Members of the Hellenic Community in London," and "English Philhellenes," will both be admissible. The objects of the club, to quote one of the resolutions carried *nem. con.* at the preliminary meeting, "will be to commemorate the genius of Lord Byron and his generous and heroic exertions for the liberation and regeneration of Greece, and to cultivate the growth and fruition of patriotism in Greeks and Philhellenism in Englishmen, and of mutual amity between the two nations." Worthy objects, surely!

Mr. George Grove, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is just now busily engaged—and has been engaged for a long time past—on a dictionary of music. It will not be an ordinary dictionary, for, besides explanations of technical terms, etc., it will contain articles on the life, labors, and works, of both living and dead composers. Mr. Grove is just the man to accomplish the task he has set himself. It is not very many months ago, you may remember, since he retired from the secretaryship of the Crystal Palace to become a partner in the firm of Macmillan. Previously, he had been secretary to the Society of Arts.

One of our most popular novelists—Mr. R. D. Blackmore, whose "Alice Lorraine" is in its fifth edition—has just lost a most eccentric brother. This gentleman had changed his name to Taberville, and was always making wills. He died from taking cyanide of potassium while in an unsound state of mind. There is sure to be a law-case over his will; he has executed seven of them, all in favor of different persons—one of the persons being Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistic lecturer.

The best dramatic critic in London, Mr. Dutton Cook—he's the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—has a new novel nearly ready for the press. It will be called "Banns of Marriage." Mr. Brinley Richards, the well-known composer—"God bless the Prince of Wales" is his—is also engaged on a book—one on our national music. Mr. Browning, too, is busy. He is at Villolois-sur-Mer, revising his forthcoming poem. Though in his sixty-third year, he has plenty of work in him yet. So, for that matter, has Tennyson, who is three years older.

The paragraph that has been going the round of your contemporaries in regard to Poe's "Politian" is not quite correct. The whole of the manuscript of the tragedy has not been found. There's a hiatus, unfortunately. The first scene of the fourth act is missing, as well as thirty-seven other lines. A really remarkable manuscript it is. As plain as print, there are hardly any corrections. It shows how fluent a writer Poe was. Mr. Ingram, the possessor of it, thinks it was written in 1831—that is, fourteen years before the "Scenes" were first published.

We shall shortly have a grand spectacular piece at the Queen's Theatre—nothing less than a translation of Offenbach's "La Chatte Blanche," which is now creating such a *furor* at the Paris Gaite. This play, the announcements tell us, will be "bodily transferred to the house in question" with all its decorations, music, scenery, and ballets, exactly as given on the Parisian stage." At least one of

the scenes will, no doubt, go down immensely with us—that in which the stage is made to represent a huge bird-cage, with women as birds perching.

"Flamingo; or, the Rook and the Cause" (mark the play upon words), is the title of a "musical folly" by Messrs. Frederick Hay and Frank W. Green, two gentlemen who have done a good deal of literary work for the theatres, the one as a farce, the other as a pantomime, writer. "Flamingo" is founded on Goudinet's comedy. "Gavard, Minard, et Cie.," has been placed upon the boards of the Little Strand, and bids fair to become a comparative success. The best portions of the absurdity are the songs and the music. The latter is merry and catching, and the acting of Messrs. Terry and Cox (who play the two partners), and Miss Lottie Venne, and Miss Angelina Claude, is as funny as need be. The piece makes one laugh—that is about all you can say for it; and that, doubtless, is about all the authors expected any one to say for it.

English operatic performances at the Princess's, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, is now a London attraction. The company is an excellent one, including Rose Hersee, Blanche Cole, Mademoiselle Torriani, Mr. Santley, Aynsley Cook, Campobello, etc. On the first night "Le Nozze di Figaro" was given, Miss Hersee sustaining *Suanna*, and Mr. Santley *Figaro*. "Faust" has also been played. However successful the performances may turn out, they cannot be continued for long, for a few weeks hence Mr. Joe Jefferson will put in an appearance at the Princess's as *Rip Van Winkle*.

Mr. F. C. Burnand (whose "Happy Thoughts" are among the funniest things ever written) and Lord Dunraven have collaborated. They are about to bring out a burlesque together at the Opéra Comique—which, by-the-way, is his lordship's own theatre. The noble earl's "narrative of travels in the Upper Yellowstone," "The Great Divide," will soon be published. It will be illustrated by Mr. Valentine Bromley, an Adonis (in looks) of an artist, and who, a little while ago, in pursuit of his vocation, was traveling among your Rocky Mountains with a New York contingent at his back.

"The Shaughraun" continues to draw wonderfully well—and no wonder, seeing that all our critics have gone into ecstasies over it. Messrs. Chatterton and Boucicault are said to be clearing five hundred pounds each, weekly, by it. Well, they deserve to do so, for both before and behind the curtain "Old Drury" is just now being managed admirably.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE "Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science" in England have at last completed their labors and embodied the results in eight special reports, the last of which has now reached us. The service rendered by this commission is one of more than local significance and interest, and the questions which they were called upon to answer will doubtless be soon mooted in our own State and national Legislatures. For this reason we are prompted to notice this last report at a somewhat greater length than is our custom when reviewing general scientific topics. A critical examination of the following "conclusions and recommendations," with which the commission close their labors, will

convince our readers that an indorsement of them in these columns would be a retraction of many and decided opinions already expressed. Although earnestly advocating all the just claims of science, and convinced that no progress can be assured which is not marked by an increase of scientific knowledge, we yet believe that voluntary effort and organization are and will be sufficient for the promotion of this end.

In order that the reader may better comprehend the actual character of the recommendations of the Royal Commission, a word as to the present aid rendered by the English Government to the cause of science and scientific research may be in place. From recent reports it appears that over one and a quarter million dollars are annually voted by that government in support of scientific surveys. To this may be added fifty thousand dollars annually appropriated to the Royal Society for conducting the Meteorological Office, and one hundred and seventy thousand dollars additional for general scientific purposes. Thus we have an annual expenditure by the English Government of nearly one and a half million dollars for the encouragement of scientific research. And yet the commissioners, whose report is here given, introduce it with the statement that this sum is manifestly inadequate. As the recommendations and conclusions of the commission will doubtless be made the text for many home appeals, and will probably lead to wide discussion with us as to what our government should or should not attempt in the behalf of science, we reproduce them here:

"1. The assistance given by the state for the promotion of scientific research is inadequate, and it does not appear that the concession or refusal of assistance takes place upon sufficiently well-defined principles.

"2. More complete means are urgently required for scientific investigations in connection with certain government departments; and physical as well as other laboratories and apparatus for such investigations ought to be provided.

"3. Important classes of phenomena relating to physical meteorology, and to terrestrial and astronomical physics, require observations of such a character that they cannot be advantageously carried on otherwise than under the direction of the government.

"Institutions for the study of such phenomena should be maintained by the government; and, in particular, an observatory should be founded specially devoted to astronomical physics, and an organization should be established for the more complete observation of tidal phenomena and for the reduction of the observations.

"4. We have stated, in a previous report, that the national collections of natural history are accessible to private investigators, and that it is desirable that they should be made still more useful for purposes of research than they are at present. We would now express the opinion that corresponding aid ought to be afforded to persons engaged in important physical and chemical investigations; and that, whenever practicable, such persons should be allowed access, under proper limitations, to such laboratories as may be established or aided by the state.

"5. It has been the practice to restrict grants of money made to private investigators for purposes of research to the expenditure actually incurred by them. We think that such grants might be considerably increased. We are also of opinion that the restriction to which we have referred, however desirable, as a general rule, should not be maintained in all cases, but that, under certain circumstances, and with proper safeguards, investigators should be remunerated for their time and labor.

"6. The grant of one thousand pounds, administered by the Royal Society, has contributed greatly to the promotion of research, and the amount of this grant may with advantage be considerably increased.

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and are of sufficient importance to deserve, exceptional expenditure, direct grants, in addition to the annual grant made to the Royal Society, should be made in aid of the investigations.

"7. The proper allocation of funds for research; the establishment and extension of laboratories and observatories; and, generally, the advancement of science and the promotion of scientific instruction as an essential part of public education, would be most effectively dealt with by a ministry of science and education. And we consider the creation of such a ministry to be of primary importance.

"8. The various departments of the government have from time to time referred scientific questions to the Council of the Royal Society for its advice, and we believe that the work of a minister of science, even if aided by a well-organized scientific staff, and also the work of the other departments, would be materially assisted if they were able to obtain, in all cases of exceptional importance or difficulty, the advice of a council representing the scientific knowledge of the nation.

"This council should represent the chief scientific bodies in the United Kingdom. With this view, its composition need not differ very greatly from that of the present Government Grant Committee of the Royal Society. It might consist of men of science selected by the Council of the Royal Society, together with representatives of other important scientific societies, and a certain number of persons nominated by the government. We think the functions at present exercised by the Government Grant Committee might be advantageously transferred to the proposed council."

THE completion and trial of the 81-ton gun is an event in the history of gunnery which deserves special mention. We have already presented a detailed description of the several devices used in the construction of this monster weapon, and now direct attention to the character and results of the first trial as given by the *English Mechanic*: "The charges used consisted of 170 pounds of pebble, or rather cubical powder, rising by steps to 240 pounds, with which the sixth round was fired. The projectile weighed 1,260 pounds, and left the gun with a velocity of 1,550 feet per second, the total energy being equal to about 20,400 foot-tons. The gun cannot consume more than 230 pounds of powder, which is in the form of 14-inch cubes. The figures given refer to the fifth round, which appears to have been the best as regards its effects. At present the gun weighs nearly 82 tons, is nearly 37 feet long, and at the breech is nearly six feet in diameter. The bore is 24 feet long and 14 inches in diameter, but it is intended to widen it to 18 inches, when the gun will throw an elongated projectile weighing 1,650 pounds, and consuming 300 pounds of powder at each discharge. In the fifth round the pressure at the end of the bore was 29.6 tons per square inch, at the base of projectile 21.8 tons—the recoil being 37 feet. Our brief account of this monster gun would be very imperfect if we did not mention that its cost is about £3,000, and that the value of the powder and shot for firing such a round as we have described amounts to nearly £25. Fortunately our large guns are generally fairly accurate. Already, however, the 81-ton gun is threatened with eclipse. Sir William Armstrong is building some 100-ton guns for the Italian Government, and the facts learned in connection with the trial of our 81-ton weapon will doubtless be utilized to the profit of the Elswick works. The ordnance-men will soon ask for permission to build a gun weighing 160 tons, and throwing a shot of a ton or more in weight."

It is stated that a committee of the British Royal Society, having made researches extending over a period of more than two hundred

years, have failed to discover a single well-authenticated case of sudden change in the color of human hair. This announcement will doubtless be received with question by many among our readers, who, if they have no personal experience to relate which conflicts with it, think they are in the possession of trustworthy information on the subject, and who are convinced that they have positive knowledge regarding at least one case where, either from grief or fright, the hair turned suddenly gray. It is with a view of assisting in the establishment or correction of this widely-popular belief that we are induced to request, from any who may be interested in the subject, direct communication, which will be duly acknowledged and given the prominence that it may merit. We recently listened to a startling narrative of one who, having recovered from a trance, found herself inclosed in a coffin; breaking from this, she entered the dismal chambers of the family vault, from which she was fortunately rescued, but not until her hair had turned gray. So ran the story, told by one who evidently believed it, and whose statement we could mildly question, but not positively deny. The single instance, connected as it is with the subject already mentioned, leads us to extend our request for communications, so that they may include what the writers may believe to be cases of actual revivals from seeming death. That these communications may not be without a purpose, we would have it plainly understood that as yet there seems good reason to discredit any statement regarding the so-called "coming to life" of any human body after it has once been inclosed in a closely-fastened coffin; and as for evidence of returning life after actual burial, we do not hesitate to say that, so far as such is in our possession, it is not worthy of a moment's credence. The question, however, is one that is amenable to evidence, and it is such evidence, well authenticated, that is desired.

THE following is a condensed report of certain experiments made at Muhlhausen to ascertain what kind of coating best prevents the escape of heat from steam-pipes. First in order is chopped straw, which was found to reduce the loss of heat by radiation from the bare pipes sixty-six per cent. The next best was a pottery-pipe, large enough to cover the steam-pipe and leave air-space; the pottery-pipe was coated on the outside with loamy earth, and chopped straw, kept in place by straw bands twisted round the pipe; this reduced the loss sixty-one per cent. Then came cotton-waste, which, when wrapped around the pipe to the depth of an inch, reduced the loss fifty-one per cent. The waste felt from printing-machines effected a reduction of forty-eight per cent., and forty-five per cent. was saved by means of a plaster made of cow's hair. In continuation of these tests the several coatings were painted, and when this color was white a further reduction of seven per cent. was effected. We learn that an American firm has been recently organized for the purpose of preparing a non-conducting fabric from the light down obtained from the familiar common swamp cat-tail. We hope at an early day to notice the results of experiments with this new substance, which is said to have already been effectively applied, not only in steam-pipes, but as an exterior lining to refrigerators and ice-boxes.

MECHANICS engaged in the shaping or polishing of thin metal disks often experience serious difficulty in fitting them accurately to the lathe-chuck. Where the regular appliances

are of no avail cement is often called into requisition, the heating and cooling of which is a work of time and special skill. With a view of compassing the same result by simple and effective means, the application of electricity has been suggested. For this purpose it is proposed to use a special chuck, which can be magnetized or demagnetized at pleasure. This chuck, when placed in the lathe, is connected with a battery, and the disk to be polished is then brought in contact with it, and held there by magnetic attraction. In order to release the disk it is only needed to break the contact, when it drops off of its own weight.

Miscellany.

DURING the past three years (writes a contributor) I have read tombstone-inscriptions in a number of somewhat out-of-the-way grave-yards, and have derived no little entertainment, both from the inscriptions themselves and from the search for them. Perhaps a few of the results of my quest may be interesting to the general reader.

I found myself one day securely mounted upon this particular hobby, quite to my own surprise; and I still continue to ride it with considerable satisfaction. It happened in this wise: I had gone to a New Jersey village on a business-errand, and, having accomplished the same, I was left free to while away a half-hour as best I might, until the arrival of the train. Now, the town was not a peculiarly beautiful or interesting place, and the natural charms of the scenery did not fill me with rapture; so, in a slightly disgusted frame of mind, I wandered into the old graveyard which surrounded an odd, shingle-sided church. I could not have done better. Immediately I came across a very queer epitaph; a few steps farther on there was a second. My curiosity was aroused, and I went diligently from stone to stone, only stopping when warned by the shriek of the locomotive. Since that day I have seldom missed an opportunity to acquire fresh specimens of tombstone literature.

In large cities the collector of epitaphs will seldom find much of interest. It is in small country places, remote from the centres of civilization, that the really curious things are to be found. The following inscriptions have been copied directly from the stones, no liberties having been taken with them. A very common characteristic of our graveyard literature is bad spelling. Lord is often spelled *Loard*; die, *dye*; and so on. This is singular, for one would suppose that accuracy would mark a work so deliberate in its character as the carving of an epitaph. The date of the death is given, in order to show the error of a prevalent impression that quaint epitaphs belong exclusively to the days of our forefathers:

1660.

E. M. B.—, aged 5 years and 10 months.
Little Ettie asked: Shall I see God and Carrie, Mamma; May I go Papa. Called her teacher and little mates by name, Sister Electa, Mary, Hattie, little Frankie, Papa and Mamma and Doctor, Gave each her hand saying Good Bye, Doctor, I am going to die. She always called her papa with such a sweet and cheerful voice, that, when she died, then died the music of his heart, and her Mother said, Oh, there is such a lack about the house.

1844.

In a moment he fled.
He ran to the cistern and raised the lid,
His father looked in there did behold
His child lay dead and cold.

